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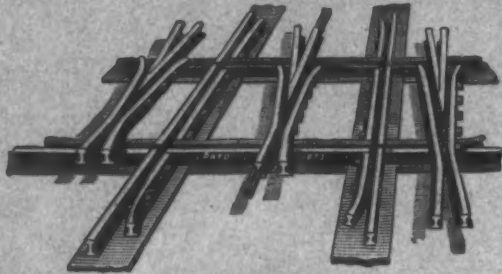
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The rainfall is moderate---moss does not grow on the roofs of the houses. We have no blizzards, tornadoes or earthquakes, and very little frost. There are four towns on Bellingham Bay---FAIRHAVEN, BELLINGHAM, SEHOME and WHATCOM. Three miles of water front covers them all and they are now growing together into one fine city. Our offices are in Sehome, the central point of the Bay, but we handle property in all four towns.

We make a specialty of business property in Sehome, the greater part of that on the market being listed with us. We also have residential property within easy reach of the business centers, and acre property. During the past year we have met with considerable success in investing money for non-residents, having bought business property at \$32 per foot in November and sold it for \$100 per foot in June.

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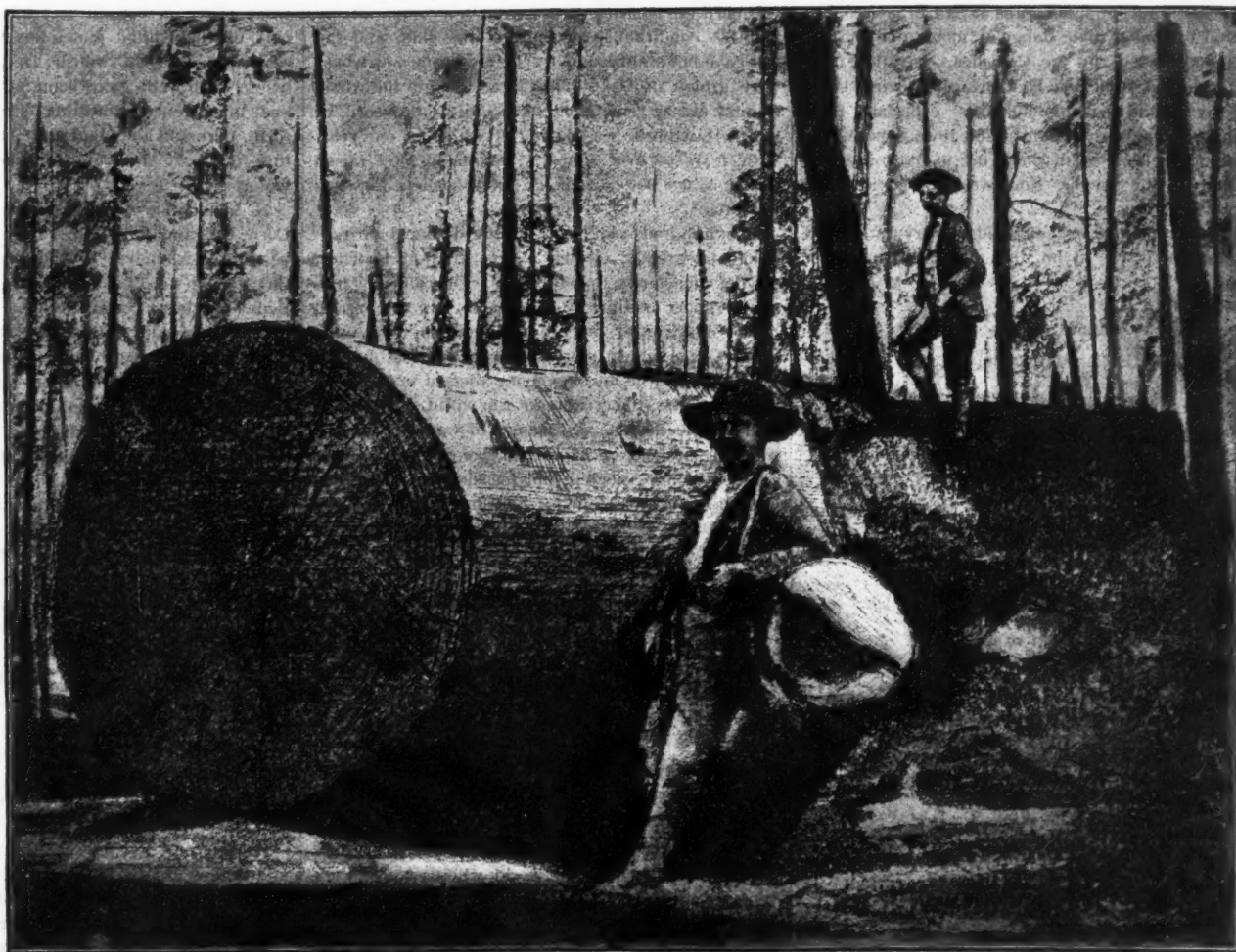
CLIMATIC CONDITIONS OF THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

The climate of Oregon and Washington is a very peculiar one, full of surprises to an observer trained upon the Atlantic sea-board. It cannot be studied from a distance, or understood without study. We must first glance at the topography of the country before we can comprehend the local conditions that cause these eccentricities, especially in the Puget Sound country. It is perhaps known in a general way to most persons that the milder climate of the Pacific slope owes its existence to the Japan current, but what is the Japan current? Until we have felt its genial influences we cannot comprehend its silent beneficences.

While the earth is revolving in space, the heated air rising from tropical seas drags slowly behind its solid surface. This causes what we call the west wind, in local phrases the Chinook, but sometimes the Chinook is conquered by cold air from the north, or from Arctic space, and here comes in the influences of the two mountain ranges about 150 miles apart—the Olympic Range upon the west side of Puget Sound, some hundred or more miles long, perhaps one hundred wide, and 8,000 feet high; the Cascade Range east of the Sound, usually about the same height but culminating in Mount Tacoma, 14,444 feet high, with Mount Adams and several lesser peaks.

Both ranges of mountains act as dams to stop the flow of warm, moist air eastward, yet do not stop its course entirely but throw it higher up, so that it goes over some of the interior valleys more or less, and again impinges or falls upon the western slopes of the great back bone range of the continent, the Rocky Mountains, where it is again elevated, and slowly dissipates its contained heat and moisture over Montana and Dakota. But there are yet further important local topographical conditions to be studied west of the Cascades. I refer to the gaps in the Olympic Range caused by two breaks, one at the mouth of the Columbia, the other at the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The warm air from the ocean flows freely through these conduits without restraint, and

spreads slowly over the country west of the Cascades, creating local conditions seldom seen in any country. But these are by no means the most important factors. There is another more potent still judging by its local effects. I refer to the immense body of heated water flowing in twice a day through the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The tide is usually six feet, often higher. I have no exact means of estimating the great influence upon the local climate exerted by these repeated intrusions of ocean-heated water into all the bays and inlets of this great body of water. We can best judge of it by its effects upon the climate. The Sound country is near the latitude of Quebec, but it has the climate of the Carolinas, as near as we can roughly estimate in such a comparison. There is constant contention between



[A PUGET SOUND SAW LOG.

the continental winds and the Chinook. West of the Cascades the continental winds are generally subdued by the Chinook; east of the Cascades, especially in winter the contrary is often the result of the warfare.

The lower level of the Sound country is another important factor to be considered. It is well known that every degree of elevation always and in all countries causes a decrease of average temperature. This is observed here every day in the year. We have only to look towards the summits of either range of mountains, to see the white, glistening, eternal snow line, where frost and ice are the normal conditions, and this fact in and of itself is again another factor to be considered in studying the local climate. The thermometer during the present winter, now Jan. 25, that the writer has been here to observe, has not been below twenty-eight degrees, or above fifty-four degrees, and no snow has fallen except as it melts, but I am told this is a mild winter. The summer climate ranges usually from sixty to eighty degrees.

The amount of warmed water flowing into the Columbia River from the ocean is much smaller than that at the straits, yet its influence is felt as far up the river as the tide flows and the warmed air therefrom rises and spreads eastward and northward, meeting that from the Sound at Olympia. While it is rather cool for peaches and grapes, upon the southern arms of Puget Sound, yet those semi-tropical fruits succeed along the Columbia and again around Whatcom, where the warm air flows in from the ocean through the Straits of Juan de Fuca. I have been very much interested in studying out the bearings of these local conditions upon the climate of the region. There was little authority upon the topic for me to consult, and I have had to study the matter up for the benefit of the readers of THE NORTHWEST, who I trust will feel that the time has been well spent, and that they alike have been interested and benefited.

It may be said, therefore, that Oregon and Washington possess a stable and equable climate, especially the Puget Sound country, which has a mixed climate more equable than a coast or a continental one. The cold ocean winds of summer, as at San Francisco, are kept off by the Olympic Range of mountains and the continental winds by the Cascades. Invalids from California and from the East are recognizing these facts by coming here. Pomologists, especially from Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, where fruit growing has been so discouraging of late, are also coming to the Pacific Northwest to go into the business.

P. S. I remained in the Sound country until April 1st, and there was at no time over three inches of snow fall.

D. S. MARVIN.

Tacoma, W. T.

THERE WILL BE REST.

Earth will not always spin around,
The planets will forget their sound
Of hymning music, Nature's breast
Some day will hold a heart at rest.

The tides shall sleep,
No breeze shall creep,
No fires shall glow,
No torrents flow—
All things will rest.

The bird of Jove has battled long
With tempests of the upper air;
He nearly yielded tho' so strong,
But sternly conquered his despair,
All lightning-wreathed his pinions beat,
Triumphant, thro' the whistling sleet,
And on his soft and downy nest,
Where brooding over the dangers done,
He plumes anew to meet the sun.
Like him, the more we are distressed,
More perfect is the joy of rest.

The heart must fail,
The cheek must pale,
Wassail and song must cease,
The pulse must stop,
The jaw must drop,
And mortals lie at peace.

Then shall the disrobed spirit fleet,
On viewless wings and noiseless feet,
Like weary eagle to its nest,
And thro' the ether seek for rest.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

"Indian corn, in the prime and glory of its verdure, is a very beautiful vegetable, both considered in the separate plant and in a mass in a broad field, rustling and waving and surging up and down in the breeze and sunshine of a summer afternoon. We have as many as fifty hills, I should think, which will give us an abundant supply. Pray Heaven that we may be able to eat it all! for it is not pleasant to think that anything which Nature has been at the pains to produce should be thrown away. But the hens will be glad of our superfluity, and so will the pigs."

Thus wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne of his rural life in 1842, when at his Concord home he filled pages of note books with words which seem to breathe the very air of orchards, of gardens and growing plants. He wrote as one who enjoyed all the wonderful gifts of nature, having a heart that overflowed with gratitude, penning his thankfulness and appreciation in thoughts which will charm generations to come. The pessimist may think the old times were the good times, but blessed be the memory of our forefathers, if they had good times they left no record of them. When Nathaniel Hawthorne was born the whole country had less humane provision for the care of even the insane than the territory of Dakota, which region when he died was supposed to be a part of the great Western desert. It was years after he first saw the light that the United States had what Dakota has to-day—an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb. In 1804, the year of his birth, the country had six million population, with scarcely a greater number of public schools and newspapers than Dakota has with six hundred thousand people.

Benevolence was born in this century and has dispensed more relief to the weak and fallen than was given to the afflicted ones of the human race in all of the sixty centuries of the historic past. People have more to eat and more to wear than ever before. The world is better than ever before. When Hawthorne was born the laboring classes were in a comparatively helpless condition. Agriculture was rude and the soil gave but scanty support. More bushels of wheat were grown in Dakota last year than in the whole country eighty years ago; so, too, of Indian corn, of which Hawthorne was raising fifty hills in one year, with fears of over supply. Dakota in 1887 raised nearly 25,000,000 bushels, or forty bushels for each inhabitant.

One hundred years ago no one dreamed of railroads, telegraphs, electric lights, friction matches, sewing machines, photographs, chloroform, iron ships, rubber clothing, lead pencils, and a thousand other discoveries, inventions and improvements, which have added more to the happiness of mankind than all the developments allotted to the many centuries since the creation of the world. There was a time when man never dreamed of warming himself by artificial heat or of eating cooked food. Caves and hollow trees served him for shelter. He passed centuries without knowing how to make a fire, and by slow steps went from rude huts and cabins to comfortable houses and stately mansions, in which winter is shorn of its rigors and summer of its heat. Every home in America can have comforts now which would have been luxuries to kings in the past century.

MOSES FOLSOM.

Jamestown, North Dak., June, 1889.

DAKOTA FOR SHEEP.

Dakota may safely challenge the world, says H. C. Ayres, of Plankinton, to show a locality better adapted to sheep husbandry. This is no extravagance, but a fact capable of perfect demonstration. There is no place in the world where so many advantages unite to encourage the flockmaster. A year ago I held the opinion that Dakota is a good sheep country. But practical experience during the past year has satisfied me beyond a doubt that it is not only good—it is the best. There are several essen-

tials requisite to success with sheep, a review of which may be of interest and not unprofitable.

1. Our soil is peculiarly favorable. It is usually dry and affords solid footing. Marshes, swamps and low grounds are rarely found, and when rain or melted snow make the ground wet, sunshine and wind very soon dry the surface and put it in fine condition. This is particularly favorable to the feet. It has been claimed that sheep on our soil will recover from foot rot without medicine or treatment. It is certain that no trouble is caused in our flocks by that miserable disease.

2. The altitude of Dakota gives the country a dry, bracing atmosphere, full of robust health for man and beast. The only drawback that I have noticed is lack of shade. The sunshine of our summer days is warm, and shade for sheep in the middle of the day is desirable and profitable, but by no means indispensable. Both altitude and latitude give us winters without rain—an advantage to the flockmaster which cannot be overestimated. At the same time the weather is cold enough to ensure fleeces which for quality and quantity cannot be surpassed. None such can be produced in Texas, California, Australia or any other warm clime. The barns and sheds that are necessary are more than paid for in wool.

3. In the older States the most urgent demand of the sheep-raiser is for a pasturage. In the Eastern States it is much more easy to provide forage for winter than range for summer. In Dakota the conditions are different. Our ranges are practically unlimited. Enough grass goes to waste in Dakota every year to pasture many millions of sheep. The question of summer range is settled beforehand for the great majority of our people, if they wish to engage in sheep keeping. And it is of the very best quality for the purpose. Our wild grass is excellent for sheep, and they will do as well on it as on the fine tame meadows of Ohio or Michigan. And all this range is so cheap as to be substantially free.

4. In the matter of water no country is better supplied. While it is true that surface water is somewhat scarce in certain localities, it is true that no part of the United States has made so grand a success with artesian wells. In nearly every place where deep wells have been put down with energy and intelligence, unfailing streams have gushed forth, pure and abundant and just the right temperature for stock. Dakota cannot be surpassed for stock water.

5. Abundance of grain may be raised for feeding. Corn, oats and millet to make sheep rolling fat can be secured whenever it is desired to turn them off. Stock sheep need but little grain with our fine, nutritious hay; but a certain number should be fattened every winter, and Dakota has the grain for doing this as profitably as it can be done anywhere.

6. Dakota is near enough to mutton markets—Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City and Omaha—to make feeding and shipping profitable, especially well fed stock. As to wool, that will bear transportation from Dakota nearly as well as from any of the Western States and better than from any of the Territories.

Finally, let the comparison be made. We beat Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri in the matter of climate, soil and range. They have grain, but limited range. We beat Wisconsin and Minnesota on range. We beat Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Washington on grain and markets. They must sell their surplus stock off the grass of the ranges. We sell from the feeding lot. We beat California, Australia, South America and Mexico on climate, grain and proximity to mutton market, Texas on water, climate, grain and market.

And so on. Let the reader make his comparisons, and if they are fairly made he will find Dakota always scoring more points of advantage than can be justly claimed for any other country in the world.

Last spring I made a venture with a flock of 400, which I bought April 12; cost of 400 delivered, \$1,086.50; received for wool and flock sold, \$1,596.41;

compensation for herding, shearing, feeding and selling, \$596.01.

From date of purchase to date the last were sold was two days less than nine months. They had been badly handled in the autumn before I got them and had nearly all of them lost their lambs during the winter; consequently I only raised enough lambs to keep my number good. The above returns, let it be observed, are for wool and mutton only. Good luck with lambs would have doubled my profits, nearly. I could not have made a test under less favorable circumstances—no lambs and low price of wool—but they paid for all they cost and all that was done for and given to them, and a nice little profit besides.

WONDROUSLY BEAUTIFUL.

Tacoma saw last evening a sight which probably the oldest inhabitant never witnessed before, and it was one of the most beautiful that human eye ever beheld. The snowy top of Mount Tacoma stood like a great mass of fleecy white cloud above the belt of smoke that lay along its base; the last lingering rays of the setting sun gilded the summit as if with molten gold, and many bright and prismatic colors gleamed about the mountain's sides. At the moment when the sun was sinking toward the surface of the Pacific, the upper edge of the full round moon peeped above Tacoma's top, and in a few moments the big silver disk stood as if it rested with its lower edge upon the bank of sun-lit snow that crowned this monarch of the Cascades.

Exclamations of delight were heard on all sides from beholders; old and tired men climbing the terraces after their day's work turned to see the glorious sight; children quit their play to gaze at the scene with delight, and all manner of people, even those who heed nature the least, halted to watch this bit of beauty, the moon and the mountain in their perihelion—so to speak—this grand touch of nature in her grandest mood. The exquisite scene lasted in the height of its sublimity but a few moments, and then the monarch of the night and the monarch of the mountains stood apart, the moon riding higher and higher in the clear sky, growing brighter and brighter as she ascended, leaving the mountains almost obscured in the semi-darkness and ghostly shadows that veiled the horizon.

The scene will live forever in the memories of all who saw it. Poets will sing of it; painters will endeavor to transfer it to canvas: many will attempt

to describe it by word of mouth, but only through the camera of remembrance can it be perfectly seen again, and then only through the remembrance of those who admire the majesty of nature and who love the beautiful therein.—*Tacoma Globe*.

IRRIGABLE LANDS IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

The commissioners of Custer County, Montana, recently addressed an interesting communication, accompanied by a map, to the United States Senate Committee on the Reclamation of Arid Lands, in which the following statements were made concerning the area of fertile land in the county available for irrigation:

"Custer County is watered by the Yellowstone and its tributaries, also by those of the Missouri and the Little Missouri rivers and Beaver Creek. The val-

Its volume of water is very large, carrying at ordinary stages over 900,000 miner's inches—that is, a cubic inch of water with a four-inch pressure, running at the rate of one inch per second, or passing through an orifice about nine gallons of water during that moment. There are fifteen other streams within the limits of Custer County, running at ordinary seasons not less than 100,000 miner's inches. It must be remembered that at the period of snow-melting, that is, in the early summer, the volume is greatly increased, certainly not less than one-fourth. The total quantity of water carried by Custer County streams and available for irrigation is not less than 1,050,000 miner's inches. There are at least 965,000 acres within the borders of the county that could be placed under water if storage basins and ditches were now in existence. The total area irrigated by ditches at present in operation is about

26,000 acres, and the amount of water used is about the same number of inches. This statement will show what may be achieved by a proper system of storage. The value thereof can be readily appreciated if you consider that the untitled lands of Custer County—a principality in itself—could not possibly fetch on an average over \$3 an acre. If we place the cost of storage and distribution at \$3 an acre, it would not exceed, for the total area I have given, \$3,000,000. Could such works be at once constructed, every acre would the next day be worth at least \$20 each, and much of it probably a great deal more. The lands of Custer county are in the major portion a part of the public domain of the United States. Certainly the general government may have the right to take such steps as may seem appropriate to improve its own

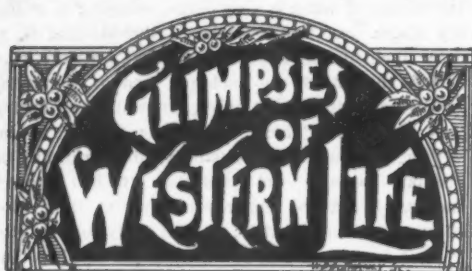


HARVESTING SCENE IN NORTH DAKOTA.

leys of the Yellowstone are among the most remarkable within the dry area. These valleys are ordinarily from twenty to fifty miles long and from one to four miles wide. The soil is a rich sandy loam, full of mineral elements, which, when water is applied, immensely increases in fertility. Where irrigation has been tried, these lands have proven of great productiveness. The Yellowstone system alone gives 384,000 acres, all of which may be brought under cultivation by means of irrigation. In doing this, not over one-half of the water supply now available will be consumed. In these valleys to-day there are about 1,000 persons. Under a full system of irrigation they would readily support from 30,000 to 50,000. The Yellowstone and its tributaries pass through Custer County for a distance of 100 miles.

property and enhance its value, especially when the difference is as great as between \$3,000,000 and \$60,000,000. But it is not alone the valley lands of Custer County that will increase in value by a proper system of irrigation works. The bench or mesa land would be found to be, with water applied to it, among the finest producers of wheat in the whole of this vast wheat field of yours. The plateau lands, still more higher and inaccessible, will, by reason of cattle being able to reach water, be made much more valuable for pastoral purposes."

Miss Antique (school teacher)—"What does w-h-i-t-e spell?" Class: (no answer). Miss Antique "What is the color of my skin?" Class (in chorus) "Yellow."



CASEY'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Oh, them 'days 'on' Red Hoss Mountain when the skies
wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz
brave 'nd true!
When the nights wuz crisp and balmy, 'nd the camp wuz
all astir
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no Sheriff to
demur!
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur
away—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find
today!
What though the camp hez 'busted? I seem to see it
still,
A-lying, like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's table
dote!

This Casey wuz an Irishman—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same;
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand
things,
From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings;
But, somehow, hadn't caught on—so, driftin' with the
rest,
He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp
wuz new,
When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz
brave 'nd true;
And havin' been a steward on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tabble dote!

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror on the shelf—
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help
himself;
Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd
wine,
'Nd a kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls—
Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd
on curls!
The which had been identified with Casey in the past—
'The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean—and both wuz mighty
fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what was offered at Casey's tabble dote!

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart;
In one case you git all there is—in t'other, only part!
And Casey's tabble dote began in French—as all begin—
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say with
"vin;"

But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws down
East;
'Nn windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble dote!

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pie
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes;
'Nd seems like cookin nowadays ain't what it use to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But may be, it is better, 'nd may be, I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair 'nd
blue.

When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd
true—
When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain
smote
For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tabble dote!
EUGENE FIELD.

Salting a Tenderfoot.

A dozen years ago, when eastern tenderfoot capi-
talists were as thick as blackberries in the West,
and every single man of them was ready to buy a
silver mine before breakfast, four of us who had
jumped an old claim in Nevada put up a job to catch
a sucker. We went down about twelve feet with a
shaft, struck "indications," and then raked and

scraped for specimens to "salt" with. We sold our
revolvers and everything else we could spare, and
when we had the bait ready not one of us could have
put up enough money to pay a week's board in ad-
vance. We placed our figures at \$20,000, and as I
was the smoothest talker of the quartette, I was
selected as the spider to walk the fly into the parlor.
I went up to Virginia City and after a couple of days
I got after a Boston man. He was not only green,
but powerful anxious to be taken in. He was loaded
down with money and overflowing with confidence.
Our first conversation ran about as follows:—

"Are you looking for an investment in mining
property?"

"I am, sir. Have you anything in that line?"

"Yes sir. I own one-fourth interest in a claim
which we believe to be very rich."

"One-fourth? Oh, I want the whole thing. I don't
want no partners in this enterprise."

"But I think you can buy all of us out."

"That alters the case. I'll look at your claim and
make you an offer."

I took him out there. I don't believe he knew the
first thing about ore, but he descended the shaft,
looked around a bit, and when we had hauled him up
he said:

"Doesn't seem to be overly rich, but I'll chance it.
I'll give you \$16,000 cash for your right, title and
interest."

We closed on that, transferred our rights and al-
most broke our necks to get out of the country before
any climax came. The old chap was the butt of ridi-
cule for several weeks, but people then began to
laugh the other way. He got men and machinery to
work, sunk three or four shafts, and inside of a year
he took over \$100,000 worth of ore out of that claim.
Inside of three years he took out half a million, and
then sold to a syndicate for double that sum. I met
him after he had drawn \$200,000 in Denver, and he
held out his hand and said:

"Why, my dear man, I am glad to see you. Have
often wondered where you went to. It was a pity
you poor fellows were obliged to sell out so cheap.
Here; take a couple of hundred to get a clean shave
and a new suit of clothes."—*New York Sun.*

Grumpy Stage Drivers.

You reach Fort Custer by a stage which runs from
Custer Station on the Northern Pacific to Rock Creek
on the Union Pacific, a distance of 430 miles. This
is one of the few important stage lines that have
managed to survive the locomotive's raids. Its route
takes in the mountainous district of northern Wyom-
ing, says a writer in the *New York Tribune*, where
there are several large towns to which the railroads
have not yet penetrated. It runs through the Crow
country, the richest agricultural region of all Mon-
tana. There are a dozen "bottoms" along the Big
Horn and the Little Big Horn Rivers, of from 60,000
to 100,000 acres in extent, rank with prairie vegeta-
tion, where the grain of a nation might be grown,
now all vacant and useless. Every one of them
could be irrigated at an expense of less than 50 cents
an acre. The stage drivers say that there are just
such fertile bottoms along the Yellowstone and along
all the mountain streams that course through the
reservation in all directions. These drivers are odd
Dicks. They are the old fellows who used to drive
the Deadwood and overland stages in the early days,
and they keenly feel the humiliation of their present
position. To be compelled after such a glorious past,
after having driven six and eight-horse coaches
through a land filled with gallant road agents, chiv-
alrous horse-thieves and valliant Indians; after hav-
ing been "held up" a dozen times; after having been
through "massacres," lynchings, cow-boy fights, and
all that—now, in their old age, to come down to a
miserable two-horse route through a settled country,
is almost more than they can bear. They sit on their
lofty seats gloomy and taciturn. They rarely smile
or talk. You must work hard if you hope to secure
their favor or engage them in conversation. The
only glimpse of sunlight they ever catch through the

dun clouds that paper their sky is when a dude, an
Englishman, or a fussy old lady becomes the pas-
senger. Then something like a smile touches up
their darkly burned faces, and by the time a passen-
ger, or what is left of him, has reached his destina-
tion, they are almost cheerful. The stages have no
springs. The cushions are stuffed with flint. The
trail is stony and crossed continually with gullies
and deep buffalo trails. To one of these melancholy
drivers, drawing his career to a disappointing close,
nothing is so comfortable as to shoot a dudish "ten-
derfoot" through the stage window upon a jag of
rocks below.

Observing that my driver was in a pensive humor,
I said nothing more to him than was necessary to
procure permission to sit "up there" with him. We
rode for twenty miles in dead silence, and at last
when we neared the station at which we were to ob-
tain dinner and a change of horses, he turned to me
and said: "Pardner, I like you. When I first see
you I thort I didn't. But I do. You're the fust man
that ever rid on the top o' my coach that didn't start
for to tell me that gol durned story about Hank
Monk and Horace Greeley!" The ice was broken
and we continued fast friends to the end of the ride.

Sparkin'.

The social etiquette that regulates the time a young
man will tear himself away from his very best girl
is not so rigid in the rural districts as in the city.
When the clock hands swing around toward ten and
the pretty maiden by his side reminds him of the
fact, the city swain goes home. Not so the youth
in the rural district. Toward eleven o'clock his Jane
says:

"You know what time it is, Ned Bangs?"

"Course I do," he replies smartly.

"Well, I guess you'd better put out for home."

"What's the rush?"

"I'd say 'rush' if I were you, when it's most mid-
night."

"I don't care if it's most daylight."

"Well, I do, and you shan't stay here one second
after midnight."

"Bet you a cookie I do."

"No, you shan't. I'll call pa, see if I don't."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"You'll see."

"I'll risk it."

"Oh, you're perfectly horrid! Now, you get your
hat and clear out."

"Oh, pshaw! you'd be mad if I did."

"You wretch! You've got to go right away for
saying that."

"You don't say so."

"I do, too; and I—I—If you dare kiss me again!"
He dares.

"Oh, oh, oh! You are the meanest fellow. I've
a notion to box your ears."

"Box away."

"When are you going home?"

"When I get a good ready."

"Pa'll start you if he comes in."

"He won't come in."

"Don't be too sure of that. If ma sees the light
she'll scold."

"Let's put it out!"

"No, you shan't! You'd better put yourself out."

"See if I do."

"You'll sit here with the cat, then. I shan't keep
you company."

"Pooh! A team of horses couldnt drag you away."

"Oh, you horrid, horrid thing."

But it is midnight before he goes, all the same,
and he hasn't had to sit with the cat, either.—*Spo-
kane Falls Tribune.*

How Bogus Booming is Done.

For the last two or three weeks some of the real
estate offices have been pervaded with rumors of the
approaching visit to Helena of some of the real
estate boomers from the coast. Who the boomers
are and whether they are coming from Los Angeles

or Seattle and Tacoma seems to be a matter of some doubt. Indeed it is not known definitely that these somewhat mysterious individuals or their advance agents are not already in our midst. One real estate man said yesterday that they would not register as being from the localities mentioned when they did come, but would be very quiet in laying all their plans before springing their boom.

The plan of this campaign, as explained to a *Journal* reporter yesterday by a gentleman who is conversant with their methods is about as follows: They or their agents in a quiet, sub-rosa sort of way buy up large tracts of cheap land out in the country where it is for sale by the acre, and also some good ground in expensive localities. They pay as little as they can—of course—for all they buy and make as little stir as possible, keeping secret if they can manage it, the prices they have paid or even that they have got the ground at all. With the ground secured and a few articles of the proper tenor published in such of the local papers as are unwary enough to permit it, they are ready to spring their trap. One of their first moves is to give as much notoriety as possible to a sale of some large portion of their outlying ground at rather high figures. Who the sale is made to, if to anybody, makes no great difference, but if possible some man of great local prominence is chosen as the alleged purchaser and the sale is no sooner fairly announced than interviews with the purchaser are published in the papers. These interviews are to the effect that something big is to be built right away on the purchased ground, some enterprise that will cause a town to grow up around it. Maybe it is an Eastern syndicate (there's magic in the name) or some local corporation of great power (that name, too, will do to conjure with), but in any case it is something that sounds big. By this time the ground out in the country is laid out into town lots. The surveyors who have done the work, the draughtsmen who have made the maps, all have something to say of the vague, indefinite reports of what will be disclosed in a few days. People generally begin to be excited, and if there are some who still have doubts they are dispelled by an active sale of lots, with every advance in prices faithfully chronicled in the newspapers. Then the poison begins to work. People who have never invested in real estate before and who know nothing about it, people who have no more use for ground in the locality boomed than they have for ground beautifully situated in some of the valleys of the mountains of the fair and fickle moon, buy a little just for speculation. Some of them sell out the next day at an advance. The fact is chronicled. The fever spreads. Poor people, women who support themselves by earning a mere pittance by daily toil, see held out to them the prospect of making without labor as much in a day or an hour as they have saved through hard work and economy in years and they buy. When the lots still unsold are scarce, or, because the boom is not fast and furious enough, lots are put up at public auction, brass bands are hired, and along with them are hired the brazen-throated eloquence of the boom auctioneers, who in order to give the sick, aged and infirm a chance, are driven around the streets of the afflicted town—now knee-deep with red paint, razzle-dazzle dodgers and boom circulars—so as to reach all localities. If at any time the boom falters before the unloading is complete, some of the inside property is let go of at falling figures, to continue the idea that the town is moving out to the new place.

When everything is sold out the sequel follows. Somehow the big enterprise, which has largely been lost sight of in the hurry-scurry, does not materialize. The boomers themselves dispose of their office furniture, sell their signboards, and depart so quietly that nobody knows anything about it. They leave in the town, with the newspapers, printing offices, oratorical auctioneers and similar industries, a very large sum of money, but they take with them a sum many times as large, which they have gathered on the sales of their lots. The owners of the boomed ground find themselves without money and with property which

they cannot sell for one-tenth of what they paid for it, and which is of no available use under heaven; business comes to a standstill because there is no money to do it with; moneyed men move their businesses elsewhere because there is no trade, and that town is quieter than the traditional country graveyard for some time to come.

A Woman With Grit.

"Talk about women going out to do the homestead act at Oklahoma," said a Thesplan on the Rialto, to a New York reporter, "there goes a demure light of the drama who has been through more pioneer perils than half the men who come back East with scalps and fairy tails." Just then the demure member walked placidly by. Large, thoughtful eyes, bearing extremely quiet, regular features and a queenly figure, and all belonged to the actress—May Frances Stetson. And the Thesplan rattled ahead with his story.

You would never dream that the heroine of his tales of border perils, hairbreadth escapes and frontier miseries could be embodied in such a dignified and gentle frame.

"Tell you how it was. She hails from Maine and went out to Dakota to capture one of the homestead bargains offered there. That was in 1880, about the beginning of summer. She had been through some preliminary training for the stage, but hadn't money enough to keep on with her studies, and she took a fancy to try the rapid transit road to wealth through a 'claim' in the West. Experience? No; nothing but grit, a Russian bloodhound and a five-barrelled revolver. This was her stock in trade. She located her 160 acres about twelve miles from Fargo—rolling land, surrounded by leagues of waving prairie.

"She began by moving a log cabin there to live in. Then she contracted to teach a school, the first in that benighted region. It was six miles from her cabin, and this distance she walked twice a day, the prairie grass for over three miles being neck high and the primeval snake acting as her only escort.

"Meanwhile, Flo—that's the bloodhound—held the fort at the cabin, and the cabin never got far away while Flo was in command. One evening about dusk Miss Stetson heard one of Flo's peculiar and ominous growls. The dog never growled unless there was business on hand. So her mistress responded and found three villainous looking Sioux Indians at the rear of the cabin. They were the worse for fire-water and asked for food as a bluff. This was her first introduction to the copper-colored gentry.

"As she started for some meat and a revolver the Indians drew their knives and entered. The odds were heavy and their purpose was clear. As the leader advanced with knife raised, she let him have it in the heart and he dropped. Flo got her cue and fastened on number two's throat with deadly grip. Number three took to the woods. She buried the redskins next day and kept on with her school. Flo saved her life several times after that—once when a tramp pulled a razor in return for a breakfast, taking Miss Stetson entirely off her guard. He managed to make a nasty cut in her arm before Flo got her lines, but when she did it was all over for the tramp in one act. She had a man all ready for the undertaker before she left his throat.

"A third time Miss Stetson had left Flo in charge of the cabin and gone galloping over the prairie, five miles away, for some oil. Evening had nearly set in. She had scarcely started on her way back when one of those beastly but brilliant prairie storms came on. Chain lightning spans the skies and from its forks drop great balls of electric fire. You think it is the bombardment of Sumter. Then follow rain in torrents and darkness heavy and dense as lead. She lost her way and entered a gulch. The waters rose and rose, and death seemed certain, when Flo's bark was heard like an angel's voice. The dog had made up her mind that something was wrong, and stopped playing sentinel long enough to save her mistress the third time. Locating the voice of distress, she soon brought relief from a belated party on the road.

"Miss Stetson and the hound went through the entire Dakota bill-o'-fare, including Indians, washouts, starvation and prairie fires. Twice Flo was shot, and her mistress nursed her back to shape again. But Miss Stetson made her point. She hung to it like grim death till she made the land pay, sold out at a good figure, and started East again with money enough to go ahead with her dramatic studies under Hudson and Emerson at Boston.

"And Flo? Well, the poor hound was left with people in Chicago who didn't fancy her unconventional way of running the neighborhood, and they shot her while she was fast asleep. They knew nothing could kill her if she were awake. It almost broke Miss Stetson's heart. She never forgave those Chicago cowards for murdering her life-preserver."

He Knew "The Major."

An episode which has thus far escaped publication, says a Bismarck correspondent, was that of several weeks ago, when Major Warner of the Sioux commission was in the city. The major arrived in company with Major Edwards of the Fargo *Argus* and with several friends they entered the bus to go to the capitol. A jocular gentleman introduced the party to the strangers in the bus, among them was the rosy and impulsive Judge Kelly of Mayville. The practical joker presented Major Edwards under the name of Major Warner and gave to Major Warner the name of Edwards. Before reaching the capitol Major Warner left the bus to meet some friends, and the party went on without him. The big blue eyes of Judge Kelly followed him for some distance and then, turning to the other passengers, he exclaimed in his gruff, cyclonic manner:

"So that is Major Edwards, is it?"

Edwards who was traveling under the name of Warner, carried out the joke by replying seriously, "Yes, that's the man."

"Well, sir," said Kelly, "he is one of the worst men in the country."

"No doubt of it," replied the major.

"Why, you haven't any idea what a d—d mean man he is," continued Kelly, with the air of a man who was about to impart some interesting information, and he proceeded to give Mayor Edwards as vicious a roasting as his most vindictive enemy could wish. The crowd began to snicker and the major's face showed symptoms of suppressed emotions. Kelly, who had heard that Major Edwards was a man of immense proportions, became suspicious and cast a glance at the 300 pound physique of the man who had been assenting to all that he had said. He paused a moment, blushed like a setting sun and ejaculated, "Why, d— it, aren't you Major Edwards?"

"Yes," replied the major smilingly. "I am Major Edwards."

The bus halted at the capitol. The first man to alight was Judge Kelly and when last seen he was macadamizing his pathway with the most modern profanity.

THE RANCHMAN'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

She seems indeed the child of grace,
With perfect form and witching face
In which no vanity I trace
Beyond the arts that nature taught her;
And very modest, good, and kind
Is this sweet maiden to my mind,
And not a fault is there to find
In the ranchman's pretty daughter.

She rides her horse with perfect ease,
Can kill a deer whene'er she please,
And knows the names of flowers and trees,
And sings the songs sweet birds have taught her;
The fish all come to seize her hook,
She takes the finest in the brook,
And now my heart is also took
By the ranchman's pretty daughter.

She rules the kitchen like a queen
And keeps the house so neat and clean
There's not a cobweb to be seen,
So swift the hands that never falter.
Her voice, clear as a matin bell;
Her lips as sweet as honey; well,
There's lots more things I'd like to tell
Of the ranchman's pretty daughter.

I am to claim her mine some day
And take her miles and miles away,
To my fair home upon the bay,
Across the ocean's waste of water.
And then with gems I'll deck her brow
And worship her as I do now,
The ranchman's pretty daughter.

N. S. Cox.

PRESTON GULCH.

How Two City Girls Held Down a Claim.

BY L. E. M. S.

"You might try it Miss, but darned ef it won't be a great risk an' I don't think it'll be any use your tryin' to hold it down. You see, Miss, them that's tried always met the same fate, an' 'taint like you'd 'scape it."

Nellie and Minnie shivered with apprehension at hearing these ominous remarks, what did they mean? Why had he brought them here to show them the claim in order that they might decide about taking it if there was such terrible obstacles in the way of "holding it down."

"I mean this," he said in reply to their questioning, "them that's tried to settle on this 'ere claim never has managed to do it yet. You see they always went an' got spliced, an' of course after she done that the claim wasn't wuth nothin' to her, 'cause a married woman what has a husband can't take no claim. Now there was Mirandy Wilkins that lived on t'other side the creek with 'er payrents, she done some breakin' on't—you can see it yet over there where the groun' looks rough-like—then she filed on't, an' soon after that comes 'long Bill Smith what baches near her dad's claim makin' eyes at 'er, an' she throws up 'er claim quicker 'en you could say Jack Rob'son, jus' ter marry 'im. Well, ther gophers hadn't played hide an' seek in them furrers long 'fore Tillie Smith, Bill's sister takes a shine to the land, an' she digged a foundation on't for a house an' went ter town to file on't an' get ther lumber for buildin'. But as it happened, an old flame hern from back East got in town that same day she were there an' when she come home he rode 'long side her an' the lumber an' 'fore they reached this 'ere claim matters was all fixed up fur a weddin' an' the land was left to itself again. But it didn't have ter go beggin long, fur Widder Jones, what had been snickerin' at them girls fur givin' up so easy, bragged that she wouldn't give up no claim fur nary man she ever seen, an' to prove it, she built a house on this land filed on't, moved on't and went ahead braggin, on't as she could hold it down all right. But she couldn't help herself no more 'en the others, fur this land's bewitched, bewitched of 'taint! Widower Perkins comes 'long visitin' of her from away over Crab Apple Creek fur three Sundays runnin', an' ther consequence is, off goes Widder Jones, house, braggin' an' all ter Crab Apple Creek, an' now she's Mrs. Perkins without the brag. Oh no," he ended with a comically serious expression of countenance, "It would be too great resk fur you gals ter try holdin' down this 'ere claim."

Nellie Preston smiled hopefully and expressed her willingness to risk it, while her sister Minnie, who seemed equally courageous, signified her readiness to help her sister in the arduous undertaking.

When Mr. Sawyer perceived that the girls were not intimidated by the prospect of the fate that possibly awaited them, he spoke of something else that might prove disagreeable. They would have for their nearest neighbor, living in a gulch one mile south of this claim, a man by the name of Pierson who would be sure to prove their enemy, for he always had a "hankerin'" after this prairie land, he needed just such level prairie land as this for his ploughing. "An' when he hankers after land he don't stop at no fair means or foul to get it neither," said Mr. Sawyer. "Why he's cheated me out of more'n one piece of land that he got his eye on. If there ever was a villain," added he with a scowl and a half suppressed oath, "that Pierson's a natral born one!"

The Piersons and the Sawyers were old settlers, having come to this country some six years before, when they had their pick of the land. Unfortunately, though, they had similar tastes and both wanted the same land. They had commenced quarrelling then and kept it up ever since. Each one accused the other of

beating him out of land. The neighbors could not decide which of the two was the real villain, though when visiting the Piersons they could not but feel assured that the Sawyers were the only villains in that part of the country, whereas, a visit over at the Sawyers would convince them that to see a real villain one need not go further than the Piersons.

Minnie and Nellie Preston were two city girls who had come out here to obtain both health and land. They had been stopping at Mr. Sawyer's house, some two miles east of this claim, while making inquiries for land. Some one had told them of this land and they had prevailed upon Mr. Sawyer to bring them over in his wagon and show them the boundaries of the claim. They were more intimidated by the information just given them of Mr. Pierson's character than by the fate that threatened any woman taking the claim. But as they could not find any other vacant land and were in a hurry to settle as soon as possible, they decided to take this land together with all the risks.

II

They had a little frame house built on the side of a hill in one of the narrow gulches running across the claim. Being built on a shelf of ground half-way down the side of the gulch, the house was sheltered from the winds, and except to one looking over the edge of the hill down into the gulch, was entirely out of view of any one on the prairie. At first, the girls were rather fearful of attacks from the outside world and accordingly, before retiring every night, they made war-like preparations. As the door was supplied with only a hook they thought it necessary to barricade it with a heavy trunk. The windows were opened only at the top, and under one window was stationed, as a sentinel, a tub of water which was expected to catch the first luckless marauder who should attempt climbing into the room, and besides these precautions, each girl armed herself with as murderous a weapon as the house afforded. Nellie generally slept with her cheek pressed against the cold steel of a dull-edged hatchet which had worked itself down from where it had been placed at the top of the pillow. Minnie who had a penchant for carpentering, had great faith in the meat-saw (to which she was much addicted during the day) as an effective weapon of defence, and tenaciously clung to it all night long. Gradually, however, as their expectations failed to be realized, their fears vanished and they got to feeling quite secure in the thought that they were so successfully hidden from the world above and that this world really had no cause to suspect the existence of a house in the gulch.

Before many days had elapsed, they discovered what seemed to them a gold mine, but which in reality

was a mail-carrier who crossed the prairie twice a week on his way between the nearest railroad town and interior points. Now as Mr. Sawyer, who was their main dependence for mail, groceries, etc., went to town not very frequently, their craving for letters, and many other things, were not often satisfied, and the letters which they wished to send off became quite out of date before leaving the gulch. But once a week now, they were waiting for the carrier on the prairie west of their gulch. Generally they were just emerging from the gulch as he appeared from behind a swell of ground one-quarter of a mile distant. He was greatly puzzled as to their sudden appearance on the prairie, and seeing no signs of habitation anywhere around was very much mystified. On several occasions he rode sitting backwards and did not take his eyes off the two girls as long as he had them in view. But conscious that an attempt was being made to discover the whereabouts of their habitation, they did not budge from the spot where he left them until they saw that the curious one was out of sight of them. How they laughed as they stood there, knowing that they were frustrating his designs.

Preston Gulch, as we shall call it hereafter extended for about one-quarter of a mile in a northerly direction then branched off into several larger gulches at various angles with itself. It contained no trees, only bushes, vines, flowers, also weeds and snakes and an occasional skunk. Through the tangled growth of vegetation, meandered a brooklet that was quiet and retiring as it made its way under the ferns and grasses, but became quite loquacious in places where deep descents and obstructing rocks surprised it into rippling tones of merriment or splashes of annoyance. The girls never tired of their home in the gulch where Nature allowed herself to be heard as well as seen. The lively little stream was continually babbling about something, and the winds, they were always sighing or whistling or blowing or howling about the house and everything else. The birds were not silent either. They sang tid-bits from different operas and a bar or two from a number of airs, familiar and otherwise. Then they improvised for special occasions, such as an extra bright day, the discovery of an unusually plump worm or ripe choke cherry, and perhaps the debut into this gulch world of some little songsters. The insects too added to the sounds of this anything but quiet world. There were inquisitive insects that seemed continually to be asking questions, with so interrogative a tone did they buzz at one's ear. There were also musical insects that suggested a band of music heard at a distance. Variety of scene too was not wanting. If views of valley and hill became monotonous, a climb up the hill-side would bring into view scenes of an



"THEY HAD A LITTLE FRAME HOUSE BUILT ON THE SIDE OF A HILL."

opposite character, boundless views of prairie and sky!

Nellie, the pre-emptor of this claim was very fond of viewing her land, also the sunsets, which latter always occurred up on the prairie, and as a rule, in the western horizon. But the terror of getting down that hill almost counteracted her enjoyment of the views to be obtained at its top. With trembling limbs she would hardly have commenced the descent when she would perceive that her feet were acting independent of her will; they would actually shoot some yards ahead of her, regardless of the fact that they were very much attached to her, though evidently not on the best footing. However, that obedient though rebellious object, her body, was compelled to follow wherever the feet listed, in its endeavors to catch up with the before-mentioned. Before Minnie got used to this daily performance of her sister, she was very much startled, for Nellie generally stopped descending just as she reached the side of the little frame house, and the emphasis with which she actuated the conclusion of her descent led Minnie (who at that time of day was generally inside the house baking pancakes) to believe that their domicile was being pelted with a cannon ball. It was not long before Nellie was inspired, by a rather bruised than otherwise condition of body, to invent a new method of descending the hill-side, the manner of sledless boys when coasting. She got a board, and then she just sailed along! Until some one could be found to dig them a well, their only water supply was from the brooklet and a little spring at the bottom of the gulch. The descent to this spring was unusually precipitous, so going after water was the exciting event of the day. Indeed was a previous knowledge of gymnastics very essential for a safe navigation of Nellie's door-yard!

At the time the house was built, some ploughing for a garden had been done on the prairie above, and the girls themselves had planted sweet corn and vegetable seeds of various kinds. They were not long in discovering that with this garden to attend to there was no necessity whatever for inventing ways of killing time nor themselves either, for the work was "killing" as they expressed it when unusually worn out with hoeing, etc. How anxiously they watched the growth of the vegetables, anticipating the time when they would not be dependent on groceries that were so difficult to obtain. And how they tried to encourage the radishes to hurry up and get big enough to eat. Minnie actually pulled at their tops, and on several occasions when she thought her sister did not see her, she pulled some out of the ground and looked at them to discover how big they were, then planted them again. We know this to be true for Nellie just happened on one of these occasions to observe her out of the corner of her eye. She did not say anything about it to Minnie, however, for she suspected that Minnie had seen her make some investigations on her own account, when she had carefully removed the earth from around half the radish and then as carefully replaced it again on discovering the extreme youthfulness of the "poky thing."

Mr. Sawyer when he did go to town got groceries for the Preston girls, but he did not always bring them to the gulch, so they had to walk three miles there and the same number of miles back again to derive any nourishment from the groceries they so much needed. Sometimes, too they walked over to Sawyer's place for milk, butter and eggs, their hunger frequently overcoming their disinclination for a long, hot walk. However, they always had something cool (though not particularly refreshing) to look forward to at the end of the walk, their reception by Mrs. Sawyer, which reception was anything but warm. She was a woman of an easy-going, undemonstrative nature. The girls always felt that it devolved upon some one to dissipate the coldness of the atmosphere, so they invariably found themselves making all the demonstrations, as though they were the hostesses and it was necessary by some warmth of manner on their part to make Mrs. Sawyer as well as themselves feel



"THEY DID NOT BUDGE FROM THE SPOT UNTIL THEY SAW THAT THE CURIOUS ONE WAS OUT OF SIGHT."

at home. She never made the least exertion to entertain her guests, except when the urgent necessities of the case required a decided reply of yes or no, she never allowed by word or expression of face one hint of her thoughts to escape from her keeping. Evidently she was much attached to a placid, what-can't-be-cured-must-be-endured expression took possession of her countenance as soon as the girls took possession of the two unoccupied chairs, whose expression of vacancy seemed more to invite them to be seated than did their hostess' omission of this invitation. And the cold, grudgingly given response to their gushing "how do you do?" appeared to escape from her in an unguarded moment. Was there anything in the world that would move or startle this woman? wondered the two girls. They concluded after being witnesses to a certain demonstration of undemonstrativeness on her part, that nothing could move her, unless indeed it were a locomotive or a spring bonnet. Her peculiar cast of mind was illustrated by a couple of little things that were closely related to herself. Her oldest boy, a sympathizing little fellow of two years, observing that the other baby, a more youthful specimen than himself, had been crying for some time without producing the desired effect on its placid mother, dragged it out of its crib and started to carry it to her with its head bumping on the floor and its feet elsewhere. She looked on with, if possible a more than usually tranquil countenance as though she contemplated waiting for Freddy to finish his tottering course across the room and at the same time his annihilation of the suffering innocent. However, both the girls starting up with exclamations of horror, rushed to the rescue. "Oh! Mrs. Sawyer," exclaimed Minnie, "the baby might have been killed!" But Mrs. Sawyer calmly remarked that Freddy "was used to carrying the baby" and continued about her work without being the least concerned. Her husband was of a different nature, though his demonstrativeness showed itself more in profuse use of expletives than in any other way. These expletives with which he interlarded every sentence were of a profane character and yet delivered with so smiling and guileless a countenance that it puzzled one who saw this expression to know whether he was conscious of using anything but the most appropriate and flowery language. He was a good-hearted fellow and extremely impressionable to the influence of those with whom he happened to be associated. This impressionability of character not being balanced by much firm-

ness, made him equally susceptible to evil as well as good influences. He had been a kind neighbor to the girls, one whom they could not have gotten along without.

(Continued.)

NEZ PERCE RESERVATION, IDAHO.

Nothing of greater importance to the welfare of the Northwest interior, not even the building of the Northern Pacific railroad, has ever occurred than the recent action of the Interior Department in taking the initial steps towards allotting the Nez Perce Indians, lands in severalty, and throwing open the balance of that great reservation to public settlement. I append herewith a close estimate, compiled from official sources, of facts and figures as follows:

	Acres.
Indian population.....	1,500
Heads of families, 300, 100 acres each.....	48,000
Single adults, 600, 80 acres each.....	48,000
Under age, 600, 40 acres each.....	24,000
For pasture lands.....	30,000
For timber lands.....	30,000

Total allotment to Indians.....	180,000
Area of reserve, 32 townships.....	743,680
After deduction Indian allotments.....	563,680

Acres subject to settlement by white people, making homes of 160 acres each for 3,523 actual settlers.

The process to be pursued, as near as I can learn, is as follows: Miss Fletcher, an expert from the Indian bureau, is already on the reservation to allot the Indians their lands, and so confident does the department feel that this lady will be successful in her mission, that Mr. Edison Briggs, of Pomeroy, has been detailed to survey the allotments as fast as they are made. At the conclusion of this work, a commission will be appointed to treat with the Indians for the cession of the remaining area to the United States. The lands thus secured by treaty will thereupon become a part of the public domain, subject, however, to no entry or filing, except homesteads. These homesteads must be resided upon for five years. The commutation clause of the homestead law does not apply to homestead entries made on these lands. There must be five years of actual residence thereon to secure title to a homestead of 160 acres of the finest land in the United States. I have stated the law relating to the disposal of these lands thus explicitly, so that none may come to this latest and best Oklahoma but those who are prepared to live up to its requirements, and for the further reason that none may say they were lured here under false pretenses.—A. F. Parker, in *Oregonian*.



THE LITTLE LOW CRADLE.

In the gloom of the garret, put safely away,
As a thing out of place in the work of to-day,
With rockers of hickory and side-boards of pine,
Sets the little low cradle that used to be mine.

Its slats are all broken, its head-piece is gone,
And the babe it first cradled to heaven has flown.
'Twas a dear little brother, a delicate thing,
Who died with the earliest blossom of spring.

O, little low cradle, how happy I'd be
To creep back again from life's turbulent sea,
Whereon I've been sailing by day and by night,
With never a gleam of a haven in sight.

O, little low cradle, how happy I'd be
To creep back again to my mother and thee!
To slumber once more on thy feathery breast,
With the sweetest of mothers to sing me to rest.

O, little low cradle, I know you're worn out,
And many would use you for kindling, no doubt,
But I cannot forget that in happier lands
I've a mother who rocked you with tenderest hands.

You fellows of wisdom may laugh me to scorn,
But I've loved that old cradle ever since I was born;
And I know that the angels are smiling benign
On the little low cradle that used to be mine.

HERBERT H. BROWN

Recollections of a Spare Room.

"It ain't everybody I'd put in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister, who was spending the night in B—, at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; my first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillars, and poor Mr. Jinks died setting right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark, I think I see him sittin' there still. My own father died layin' right on the lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a Spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me, for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams."—*Portland Transcript*.

Taking Music Lessons.

I am about to make a most revolutionary suggestion, arising from a remark made by a little girl in whom I am deeply interested, in the course of a little chat we have just had about lessons in general, but music lessons in particular. My little friend expressed a very distinct opinion that music lessons ought to be "put off until one knows whether one really likes music." I have heard the advisability of deferring the study of Greek until boys reach the age of twelve very seriously canvassed. Why should there not be a similar postponement in the case of girls and music until they have come to an age to decide whether they really care to take up the study? I have always had a theory that it is equally foolish and cruel to compel little girls, irrespective of their taste for music, to drum away so many hours a day at daily practice, the monotony of which coupled with their slow advance generally disgusts them permanently with the beautiful art. It is a purely conventional idea that all girls must play the piano. If they really like music, why not study the violin for a change? If parents would only be wise in time, and co-operate, so that the girls should not commence music until

their brothers began Greek, future generations might produce some decent musicians, while the general public would be spared much infliction. How many ladies who may read these remarks have ground away in youth at the inevitable piano? and how many "keep up their music" how they are allowed to think for themselves, and do as they please about it? I venture to hope that my theory is worth consideration, for I have seen such innumerable examples of wasted time and money in music lessons given to children who had not a particle of musical feeling about them, that I hope, in the case of some readers of this article, that they will just think over my little friend's suggestion, and wait until their girls are of an age to show some distinct signs of "a taste for music" before they commence the study at all. And, lest any of my readers may jump at the conclusion that I am not fond of music, I may not be accused, I trust, of egotism in adding that it has been the one study of my life in which I have arrived at even anything remotely approximating to excellence.

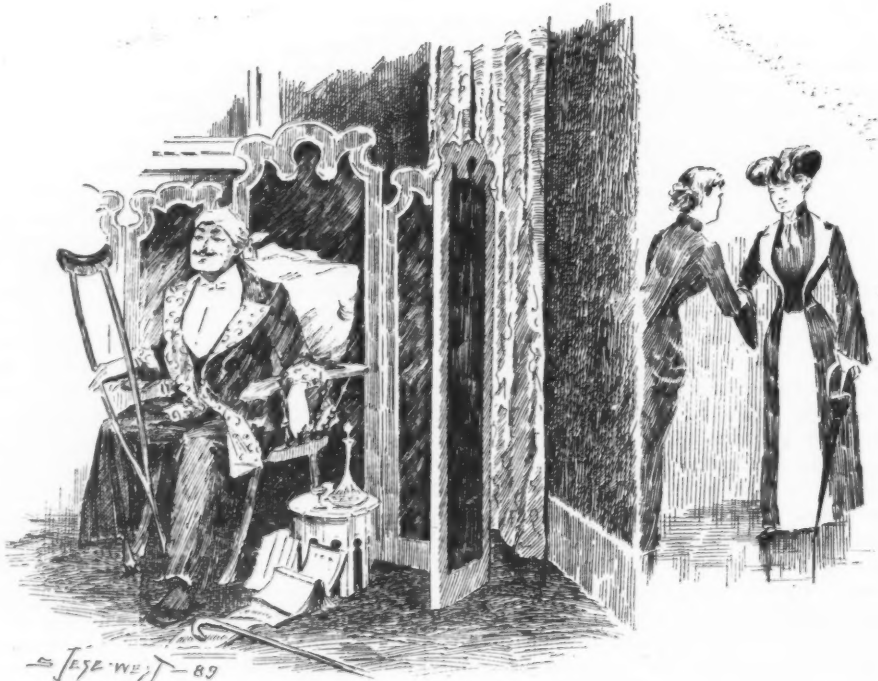
The Need of Variety in Domestic Life.

Are you afflicted with insomnia? Perhaps you have too much time for sleep. Perhaps you depend too much on sleep for rest and recuperation. For sleep is not the sole rest of used-up nerves. Sociability, congeniality, and the enjoyment of good company rest the body quite as much as sleep. The dreary monotony of life in many a household, involving this tumbling into bed with the mechanical regularity of a machine at nine or ten o'clock in the evening does not always rest weary bodies. "Early to bed and early to rise" does not always make a man healthy, wealthy or wise. Numbers of organizations are only capable of five or six hours sleep at a time, and their early lying down to rest is often succeeded by an early waking up and a consequent restless tossing for hours preceding daybreak. The practitioners of punctuality are often surprised after breaking their own cast-iron rules, and passing two or three later hours of mirth and jollity past their usual bed time, to find themselves even more refreshed in the morning than usual. The relaxation or sociability has rested them more than would sleep or an attempt to sleep. But these are conditions not so easily reached in the

average family. In fashionable life we have a formal, exhausting and mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand the evenings of great numbers of families are monotonous humdrum. They involve the assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same paterfamilias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overlaid with family cares. Fresh people with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, anything to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such fresh people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be the business after the day's work was done to entertain each other, and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds if not thousands of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from utter lack of domestic recreation. There might be written over the graves of hundreds of thousands, "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."—*The Christian at Work*.

Rub the Other Eye.

Everybody who has done any traveling by rail has been bothered by the cinders, which will get into the eyes. They get in very readily, but when it comes to taking them out, that is quite an other matter. The following hint contributed to the *Medical Summary* by Dr. R. W. St. Clair will be found valuable; "A few years ago, I was riding in an engine. The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. 'Let your eye alone and rub the other,' said the engineer, 'I know you doctors think you know it all; but if you let that eye alone and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes.' I began to rub the other eye, and soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. 'Let it alone and keep at the well eye, shouted the doctor, pro tem. I did so for a minute longer, and looked in a small glass he gave me I found the offender on my cheek: Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance."



HE ROUGHED IT.

Miss Sussingham—"I heard Jack has returned—couldn't resist stopping in to see him. How is he?"
Mrs. Hereditary Lungs—"Oh, except for the little trouble his head gives him, quite well, thanks. You know he'd been scalped in Arizona? Poor fellow!—the West has been hard on him. He was nearly killed once in a cowboy's fight, lost a leg and suffered a stroke of paralysis from exposure, and injured his spine by falling down a gulch in the Rockies; but he's so well and strong now (the doctor says he need entertain no fears of consumption now) that we can't be grateful enough for what the Western life has done for him."



THE MUSIC LESSON.

Married in Poetry.

Precisely at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, May 29, 1889, in the West parlor of the Central Hotel of Wilmington, Ohio, were married Mr. Carlos E. Clark, of New Vienna, Ohio, to Miss Lucy E. Nichols, of Morrisville, Ohio. The couple had decided that Gay Waters should marry them and had come some miles to carry out their wish. Licenses had been obtained from Hon. A. N. Williams, Probate Judge, and Gay Waters married the couple with the following ceremony:

It is useless to ask if you now both agree
To journey this ocean of life together;
As over the waves of this perilous sea
You vow to be true in all sorts of weather.

This license you bring is a proof that the State
Has sanctioned the fact that man still needs a mate;
I simply can finish what the State has begun,
And by its permission—pronounce you both one.
—Cincinnati Commercial.

Magnetic Hand-shaking.

You may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a good many things; for instance, to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clinch the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then all

the animation of your heart will rush to the shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the forearm and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of gospel electricity. In Paul's time he told the Christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. We are glad the custom has been dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand. But let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be a good, hearty, enthusiastic, Christian hand-shaking.—Rev. J. De Witt Taillmage.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Jules Verne and Rider Haggard are both imitated in a lively and somewhat fabulous account of Arctic explorations entitled *Captain Kiddle*. The story does not work itself into its fantastic phases until towards its close. Mr. Fleming, the author has evidently been a sailor and so knows how to give his imaginative narrative a flavor of the sea that will be relished by the boys, who will be its most appreciative readers. New York, John B. Alden; price \$1.00.

The republication of Thomas Hughes' short *Life of Livingstone* is very appropriate at this time, now that Stanley's recent explorations are attracting fresh interest to the Dark Continent. The story of the hero's career is told in simple but vivid narrative form and is of intense interest from beginning to end. This little volume ought to be read by every intelligent young man. "The supreme value of Livingstone's career," says an Eastern critic, "is not so its moral elevation as its wonderful interest, and the

sense of sufficiency and victoriousness which come from it. Something more than a sense of satisfaction comes from the reading of such a story; there comes also that thrill which is man's unconscious tribute to his ideals." John B. Alden, New York; price 38 cents, bound in cloth.

A valuable contribution to the literature relating to the development of the Northwest is a recently published volume entitled a *Life of Thomas Hawley Canfield*, which contains a well-written account of his early efforts to open a route for the transportation of the products of the West to New England by way of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence River and the Vermont Central railway and his connection with the early development of the Northern Pacific Railroad enterprise. The volume is a quarto of forty-eight pages and is illustrated with a steel portrait of Mr. Canfield. It is printed in Burlington, Vermont, for private circulation. Mr. Canfield owns a large stock and grain farm at Lake Park, Minnesota, and retains his old home in Burlington for a winter residence. The portion of his long and useful career of most interest to Northwestern readers is the period of the construction of the Northern Pacific road from Duluth to Bismarck. Mr. Canfield selected and laid out all the town-sites between these points, including Bismarck, and the names of most of them were chosen by him. Later he was one of the committee of the board of directors of the road sent to Puget Sound to select a terminal point and purchase lands for the site of a new city. He had also much to do with the legislation at Washington in relation to the land grant of the road. Mr. Canfield is still a vigorous man of affairs, widely known in both Minnesota and Vermont. Few men can look back upon a long life spent in such large and useful activities.



THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON IRRIGATION IN THE NORTHWEST.

I DON'T think that the members of the Senate Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands expected when appointed, to take hold of the operations referred to them until they should reach Montana. Their first meeting in St. Paul was to have been for organization and for planning their trip, but when two members of the committee, Stewart and Reagan arrived here, with Maj. Powell of the U. S. Geographical service, and their staff of stenographers they were met with a new and unexpected phase of the inquiry. Delegates from the Farmers' Alliance of both North and South Dakota talked to them about artesian wells and of the great blessings that would flow from more water to the new Twin States. "We don't get water enough from the heavens," they said, "Now let the Government tap the reservoirs in the bowels of the earth for the benefit of our dry lands." They were eloquent and persuasive and they made a strong impression on the committee. "If the Government is going to spend money draining the rivers in Montana and Arizona," they said among themselves, "Why should we not put in a claim to an appropriation for boring wells in the Dakotas."

So the committee posted off to South Dakota to look at the artesian wells at Huron, Redfield and Aberdeen, taking in the Constitutional Convention at Sioux Falls on the way. I overtook them at Jamestown, North Dakota, where there is a well with force enough to throw a stream of water through an ordinary fire hose over the tallest buildings. I found them greatly interested in what Senator Stewart said is one of the most remarkable artesian basins in the world, that of the James River Valley, all the way from Yankton to Jamestown, a distance of over 300 miles and probably 100 miles further north of the source of the river. The width of this basin is not yet determined, but there is a successful well at Highmore, some thirty miles west of that at Huron. The wells increase in depth from 650 feet at Yankton to 1,500 feet at Jamestown. As the surface of the country rises the wells must be sunk to a correspondingly greater depth to strike the second sandstone, which contains the water under pressure.

THERE is a non-scientific theory that the pressure of gas throws the water up to the surface with the force that we witness in these artesian wells, but Prof. Powell, who is an eminent geologist, says that the force is only that of gravity, and that the water all flows through the porous sandstone from the Rocky Mountains, where its original source is melting snows. There are no great underground reservoirs, he says, and no subterranean rivers flowing from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. Many wells in any one locality would relieve the pressure and lessen the flow. Numerous interesting theories were advanced as the committee worked westward. In Jamestown there was talk of "batteries" of artesian wells to be sunk in high ground and to form reservoirs with their constant flow, these reservoirs to be drawn upon in May, June and July for irrigation in seasons of insufficient rainfall. In Bismarck projects for utilizing the abundant flow of the Missouri were discussed, and the apparently insurmountable difficulty of the high bluffs along the river was canvassed. Senators Stewart and Reagan made speeches to the constitutional convention which ran off from irrigation to the silver question, both being bi-metalists.

STEWART said when he talked irrigation to the convention, that a majority of the worlds civilized and semi-civilized populations lived in arid regions made fertile by artificial watering. Reagan said that in four-ninths of the area of the United States, outside of Alaska, the rainfall was not sufficient for agriculture. Maj. Powell told the convention that there were three belts in Dakota. In the Eastern belt farming would always be carried on by rainfall; in the Western belt irrigation would always be necessary, and in the Middle belt there would always be an alternation of a series of years of plentiful rains and good crops with a series of years of scanty rains and bad crops. He insisted that the climate is not changing in the direction of more rain, that man can do nothing to alter climate. He believed that in time the middle belt of the two Dakotas would be made very productive and populous by irrigation; that the storm water would be stored in reservoirs; that artesian wells would be used in many localities and that the waste water which the streams send to the sea in the Spring would be stored and utilized to fructify the land.

MAJ. POWELL says that the surface drainage from melting snows and spring rains from 100 acres of land in North Dakota, if stored in a reservoir, will give water enough to irrigate 300 acres, making ample allowance for transportation over the surface of the reservoir up to the end of July, which would be the latest date when the land need be irrigated. He believes that in much of the country west of the James River small farm reservoirs will eventually be common. An intelligent farmer from the neighborhood of Dickinson, Mr. Underhill, told the committee at Bismarck that in many localities west of the Missouri it would be feasible to fill reservoirs from springs in the hill-sides and thus irrigate considerable land.

At Glendive the committee halted to look at the broad rich bottoms on the Lower Yellowstone and to hear statements as to their area, elevation above the river and natural fertility. Senator Stewart, who had recently traversed the Yellowstone Valley on his way East said that it contained more than half as much irrigable land as the Nile waters in all Egypt. This land was clearly destined to support a dense population and when brought under ditch would be worth from \$75 to \$100 per acre. At present it is worth practically nothing.

THE committee was very cordially received in all the Montana towns. At Glendive a look was had at a stretch of bottom land across the Yellowstone containing 60,000 acres which could all be made among the most productive land on the globe by a canal with lateral ditches. Now it is practically valueless. Much interesting testimony was given about the extent and natural fertility of the Yellowstone Valley. In the evening the citizens gave the committee a reception in their handsome club rooms. The ladies were present and there was good music, speech-making and a supper. Next morning the party started up the valley, their two cars being attached to a freight train, which Superintendent Marsh ran thirty miles an hour, to show the whole valley by daylight as far as Billings in one day and give a two hours halt at Miles City.

In Miles City the citizens served a handsome lunch in their club rooms to the music of the band from Fort Keogh. Many statements were put on record crowded with valuable information for the committees use. Custer County has nearly a million of acres of rich bottom and bench land along the Yellowstone which could be irrigated bountifully at moderate expense. A look was taken at the flowers, vegetables and alfalfa in Judge Strevel's irrigated garden, but there was no time to accept the invitation of the officers of the military post that the Senators should stop to receive the artillery salute due them under army regulations and witness a cavalry drill. Billings was reached at dark and the evening spent in hearing the evidence of leading citizens and plain farmers on

the subject of the committees inquiry. Billings has a ditch thirty miles long which waters about 60,000 acres. The opportunities for irrigation in the Lake Basin north of the Yellowstone Valley and of the slopes of the Big Snowy Mountains were discussed.

THERE was no time to stop at Livingston, but Editor Whelpley of that town boarded the train and furnished much good information about the Upper Yellowstone Valley and the Judith Basin. At Bozeman Mayor Bogart and a committee of citizens were waiting with carriages to give the party a ten mile drive through luxuriant fields of wheat, oats and barley. In this old irrigated region of the Gallatin, which has been farmed for twenty years and still produces forty bushels of wheat to the acre, the committee had a striking object lesson of what can be done in the whole 400 mile stretch of the Yellowstone Valley with its 5,000,000 acres of irrigated land. Although the season has been phenomenally dry and the water scanty in the streams, we saw fields of wheat which will harvest forty bushels to the acre, of barley that will yield fifty and of oats that will give the prodigious yield of 100 bushels. A lunch party with some felicitous speeches closed our stay in Bozeman.

It sounds strange to hear prophecies that there will one day be as many people west of the 100th meridian in the United States as now live east of it, and that the food products of the arid regions of this country will one day exceed those of the humid regions. Such prophecies are made by Maj. Powell on the basis of the knowledge acquired by the Geological Survey of the character of the arid lands and of the amount of water that can ultimately be stored and utilized for their reclamation. The committee held a session in the handsome granite courthouse in Helena, and the members addressed the constitutional convention by invitation. After leaving Helena the route was by Butte to Western Montana and then on to the Yakima Valley, in Washington.

THE plan of the further journey was changed at Helena, so as to give the committee a day for Butte and Anaconda and a look at the mines and smelters. That evening a meeting at the Butte court house was addressed by Senators Stewart and Reagan. The next stop was at Missoula, where the magnificent mountain scenery was completely blotted out by the smoke from burning forests. Although the day was Sunday the people manifested their interest in the work of the committee by assembling in large numbers in the opera house to hear the statements of witnesses and the remarks of Chairman Stewart. The members of the party were shown, as a result of irrigation, a ten acre fruit garden, where plums, pears and apple trees were bending under the weight of their fruitage, their boughs requiring props for support, and where raspberry, gooseberry and currant bushes grew as high as a man's head. Outside of California I have nowhere seen such a remarkable luxuriance of growth. The ground was perfectly arid and worthless before water was brought upon it. The next race of our party was a long one—492 miles—to North Yakima, when a visit was made to the big irrigated Moxee farm, under the management of Mr. Ker. Here my notes for this month must close.

North Dakota Names.

The work of the Sioux Commission has brought out one remarkable feature of Indian peculiarity. The names of the various chiefs and noted men of the tribes run about like this:

Yellow Horn Bear,	Spotted Tail,
Quick Bear,	Horn Bear,
High Hawk,	High Bear,
Sorrel Horse,	Red Leaf,
Hollow Horn Bear,	Two Strike,
White Ghost,	Iron Shell,
Large Loafer,	Good Voice.

Perhaps the most noted chief at Pine Ridge Agency is Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses. The Indians have named Gov. Foster, Young-Man-Proud-of-His-Tail, and made him a member of the Sioux tribe.



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E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

THE GREAT SPOKANE FALLS FIRE.

A third city in the new State of Washington has been terribly devastated by fire. The first sufferer was Seattle, then came Ellensburg and last Spokane Falls. In each case the flames swept away the entire business district. In each case was the same—deficient water supply and fire-engine service. In Spokane Falls on the night of August 4th, twenty-two blocks were burned—not blocks meaning business buildings, but twenty-two city squares, for the most part well-built and containing all the business plant of the young city, between the railroad tracks and the river. In the burned district were five banks, four large hotels, many tall and handsome structures of brick and stone and all the mercantile concerns except a few neighborhood groceries in the suburbs. Little was spared except the houses of the people. Spokane Falls has a population of 20,000. It has shown surprising rapidity and solidity of growth. In 1882 it had only 700 inhabitants. This disaster will fall heavily upon individuals but will not check the growth of the place. In less than two years time—perhaps in a year—the devastated blocks will all be rebuilt and no traces will remain of the great fire. Spokane Falls is a necessity to Eastern Washington. It is a natural site for a large city, with great advantages of water-power, farming lands, timber lands, mines and railroads. It will speedily rise from its ashes.

WATER AS A FERTILIZER.

In connection with the growing interest in irrigation manifested throughout the arid and sub-arid regions of the Northwest, the recent discoveries of science as to the fertilizing properties of water are worthy of attention. The scientists have discovered that all plant life draws but little sustenance from the ground, beyond certain mineral ingredients which remain as ashes when vegetation is burned; that the food of plants is the minute microscopic organism which abound in both air and water; and that, in fact, the plants feed upon living forms just as animals feed upon plants. It is not, therefore, the inorganic mineral properties of the soil which support and nourish vegetation but the myriads of infinitesimal life germs which float in the atmosphere and in the water of streams and ponds.

The Montana farmer, who irrigates his land and who successfully crops his fields year by year without

manuring them, knows very well that there are fertilizing properties in the water, but what they are and how they act may be a mystery to him. The application of water alone did not explain the great productiveness of irrigated lands or the fact that they do not wear out, but the presence of living germs in the water which go to build up the life of the plant fully elucidates the problem. This is no longer a theory. It is a fact so amply proven that in many localities in France, Germany and England, countries where the rainfall is ample for agriculture, lands are now being irrigated with pond water to secure a great increase of production.

The agricultural journals have been discussing this discovery of late. It is of special interest in the United States where on nearly half the total area the normal area is insufficient to assure to agriculture its due reward. Irrigation is the great economic problem of the future in all the vast region lying between the 100th meridian and the Cascade and Sierra Nevada Mountain, with the exception of a portion of Eastern Washington.

PROGRESS IN MANITOBA.

The province of Manitoba, our near neighbor on the north, is beginning to show marked progress in population and industrial development under the stimulus of new railway building. After the boom period, which culminated about 1883, came to an end, matters were for a long time at a stand-still. The large element of speculators and adventurers, which had been attracted by the opportunities for rapid gain afforded by the building of the Canadian Pacific and its branches and by the growth of new towns and the heavy movement of farming immigration, drifted away to fresh fields, leaving the Province with a smaller population in 1886 than it had in 1883. The towns severely felt the effects of this reflux tide and for several years general dullness reigned. The people who went to the great prairies drained by the Saskatchewan, the Assiniboine and the Red to make a living by productive industries remained and were well satisfied with the country and their surplus of agricultural staples increased year by year. Persistent efforts on the part of the Provincial Government kept up a small inflow of new settlers, mainly from the older Provinces of the Dominion, but to some extent from Iceland, Scotland and England. About a year ago the towns began to show the effects of the growing prosperity of the farmers and at the same time the long-continued struggle of the people to release themselves from the monopoly of a single railway system was crowned with complete success. An arrangement was made with a number of capitalists largely interested in the Northern Pacific road, by which a sort of partnership was formed between them and the Government and a corporation created under the name of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba. This corporation took over at once the unfinished line of the Government from the American boundary at Pembina to Winnipeg and speedily completed it and put it in operation. The same company is now well advanced in the work of building lines from Morris westward to Brandon and from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie. Its present negotiations with other companies promise soon to give it possession of lines running to the extreme northwestern part of Manitoba, which will be pushed on to the Rocky Mountains and ultimately to the Pacific Coast. In face of this formidable competition the Canadian Pacific Company which formerly owned every mile of railroad in the Province, has made concessions which are of material benefit to the producers and merchants along its lines.

All conditions are now favorable for another important forward movement in Manitoba. The new railway system opens extensive new regions to settlement. Freight rates have been considerably reduced on the old system. Immigration is steadily increasing in volume. New business activity is apparent in all the towns. There are in Winnipeg and at several other points successful beginnings in local manufacturing. Wheat is not a large crop this year but it is not a short crop. The grade of the grain will be

unusually high and the price compensates for the moderate yield. The raising of cattle and sheep has been demonstrated by years of experience to be profitable and there is a marked increase year by year in the number of livestock in the Province. Manitoba is the natural outlet for the overflow of the population of the old Canadian Provinces, where there is no more good land to occupy and where towns and country are already crowded. It is an exceedingly fertile country, resembling Dakota in its general features and differing from Dakota chiefly in having a good deal more timber and a little more rainfall. The winters are no longer than in Quebec or Montreal, and although the extreme range of the thermometer is a little lower, the cold is not as severely felt, by reason of the dryness of the atmosphere. The present population is probably about 175,000, with room for at least a million more before the Province will be nearly as thickly settled as Ontario. There is practically no waste land, for the belts of timber are more valuable to the settlers than the open prairies and there are no extensive marshes and no areas of sterile soil.

OIL, GAS AND LEAD.

The Bismarck Tribune contains an account of the discovery of oil, gas and lead in the Bad Lands northwest of here by two experts who have been prospecting. The Tribune says "that they had a first-class boring outfit and sunk six wells, one of which was 200 feet deep. They found gas and coal oil at every prospect and brought with them a gallon of crude oil as a specimen. They also found gas at every test and one well proved to be a 'gusher.' These gentlemen are full of enthusiasm—over the great undeveloped wealth of the region through which they passed. 'Why,' said the expert 'there is gas and oil enough in that country to supply the great Northwest for many years, and perhaps, and I think I speak knowingly, there is practically no limit to the supply of either gas or oil in Northwestern Dakota. Look at your millions of acres of coal, and we found better specimens than anything we have seen at Bismarck. Under all this mighty coal bed—what? We found another article of commerce as valuable as coal, gas or oil, and it wasn't gold or silver either.' At this period he caught a knowing look from his companion and said no more." It has long been the opinion of persons with much experience in the oil fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio that the country surrounding Dickinson was rich in oil, their opinions being based upon the surface indications. In many places traces of oil can be found along the streams and at springs and the Tribune account tends to confirm the belief that this is a great oil field that only needs development.—Dickinson, (N. Dak.) Press.

GO TO NORTH DAKOTA.

Senator Ben Wade long ago said: "By the year 1900, every acre of good agricultural soil in the United States will be worth \$50 an acre. It will soon be beyond the reach of the poor." The Senator's forecast will come close to verification. Our population is rapidly increasing and, aside from the natural growth, every year Europe sends to our shores more people than the present population of North Dakota. The tenants of European farms understand, as Americans do not, the value of land, and many of our free acres are rapidly becoming the property of men who have not yet acquired our speech, but who are wisely availing themselves, as American tenants and landless poor of the East are not, of Uncle Sam's free gift of farms. The foreigners who come to North Dakota and other parts of the West are industrious, temperate, law-abiding and soon become rich. The vacant lands will ere long be occupied. The thousands of the overcrowded East who want homes should ponder this fact and, asserting the spirit of American independence, throw of the yoke of tenantry, come to North Dakota and be free. Come now, at the beginning of Statehood, and assist in lifting North Dakota still higher—if that is possible—among the bright galaxy of States.—Fargo Argus.

BELLINGHAM BAY.

Active Towns on the Bay Fast Growing Together and Destined to Form an Important Commercial City.

BY C. M. BARTON.

Nature designed Bellingham Bay in Whatcom County, Washington, as the spot for the greatest city of the Pacific Northwest. A glance at the map will show it to be a wonderful sheet of water, almost land-locked, connected with the Gulf of Georgia by Ship Channel on the south or in-shore passage, and by Hale's Passage on the west. It is broad, deep and spacious with the Nooksack River, Whatcom Creek and some small streams running into it. Its shores are comparatively level. On the east shore of this bay are located the towns of Whatcom, Sehome, Bellingham and Fairhaven which are but seventeen miles due south of the British Columbia boundary line and 125 miles from Cape Flattery and the Pacific Ocean. The railroads now being built from Bellingham Bay to the Canadian Pacific road, a distance of about forty-five miles, will make Bellingham Bay the

commercial situation and the other towns and cities on Puget Sound is all in favor of the towns on Bellingham Bay, and very largely in their favor as the reader will ascertain in perusing what follows.

WHATCOM.

Whatcom means ghost in the Indian dialect, but anybody that thinks the town of Whatcom resembles a white apparition is sadly mistaken. It is the liveliest sort of a town and has nothing sepulchral about it. Mamoosea is the Indian name for Bellingham Bay, upon which it is situated. Whatcom is the largest and oldest of the four towns on this splendid bay, which reaches about three and one-half miles in the shape of a half moon. It had upward of 1,500 people on the first of July. Sehome had 900, and Bellingham and Fairhaven together about 1,000, making 3,500 people in a smaller area than either the cities of Tacoma or Seattle contain. The above figures are from the County Assessor. Whatcom is the largest town nearest to the British Columbia border, and is on the finest land-locked bay on Puget Sound. Such is the opinions of the sea captains who have traversed the great inland sea. The Nooksack River, which flows into the bay near

excellent timber, consisting of fir, cedar, spruce and white pine. Of hardwood are the maple, alder and ash. Coal, iron and the precious metals are found in close proximity and in large quantities, and will in a short time become important factors of wealth. In fact, by the first of January it is expected that coal will be shipped from both Whatcom and Sehome. The coal banks at Fairhaven will be in active operation before that time. With trains bringing to Bellingham Bay the garden and farm products of such a rich country, together with its vast mineral deposits, and that bay a hundred miles nearer to San Francisco than Tacoma or Seattle, and nearer to the great ports of China and Japan, with easier navigation for all sorts of vessels, what is to prevent Whatcom from becoming a leading commercial city? Coming through the town of Whatcom is Whatcom Creek. At the waterfalls or cataract of the creek, near the bay, is where the first sawmill in this part of the country was erected by Pioneer Henry Roeder and his partner, Russell V. Peabody. It has been enlarged from time to time and is now owned and operated by the Fairhaven Land Company, of which Nelson Bennett, President of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, is the head. It has a capacity of 75,000 feet a day. The long wharf leading out to deep water in front of Whatcom is also owned by the Fairhaven Land Company.

Part of the city of Whatcom is built on the tide flats and part on the sloping hills. Street grading is going on rapidly, and many of the tide-flat streets are being cribbed and filled up. All over the city are evidences of progress. New houses of every description are going up, and many people are coming in. The creek leads to Lake Whatcom, a fascinating and beautiful sheet of water three or four miles from town. In all directions from the city are fertile fields and fine farms of garden truck. New ground is being taken up every day, and the fertility of the soil surprises people from the East who come here to settle. C. M. Atkins, of the First National Bank of Whatcom, said: "I actually saw and talked with a man just outside of town who, with his wife and three children, was cultivating a little truck farm of two and one-half acres. He had a small but comfortable cabin, and remarked that a man with a couple of acres of the good, deep, rich soil 'could live like a fighting cock.'" Mr. Atkins says he has walked from time to time all over the country contiguous to Bellingham Bay, and is satisfied it is the promised land. Whatcom, with its large stretch of water front, has good hotels, restaurants, business houses, and is one of the oldest towns in the Territory. Its county building is the oldest brick structure in the coming new State. The town-site was platted on part of the donation claims of Roeder and Peabody in 1858. Back of it is a level stretch of country leading to the Fraser River. Henry Roeder says that the bed of the Fraser River ages ago evidently laid along this level stretch of country and the river poured into Bellingham Bay at that time.

There are a number of churches and school houses, two newspapers, electric lights and water works (the latter soon to be opened). All the streets are at right angles, and the grading and planking of the thoroughfares this year has given the city a metropolitan appearance. People have faith in Whatcom and its future, or they would not be pouring into it in such large numbers and settling down to manufacturing and other business pursuits. The business men of the town recently organized the Alki Club; have secured nice rooms, neatly furnished them and have shown commendable zeal in welcoming those whose best interests lie in the development of the city, as well as the strangers who come within their gates.

When the railroad reaches Whatcom from Westminster, on the Fraser River, as it will before the end of the year, Whatcom will be unable to accommodate the crowds that will flock to Bellingham Bay. "What is the railroad situation at Whatcom?" I asked of a delegation of merchants of New Westminster who were there to look toward the prompt finishing of the New Westminster & Southern Rail-



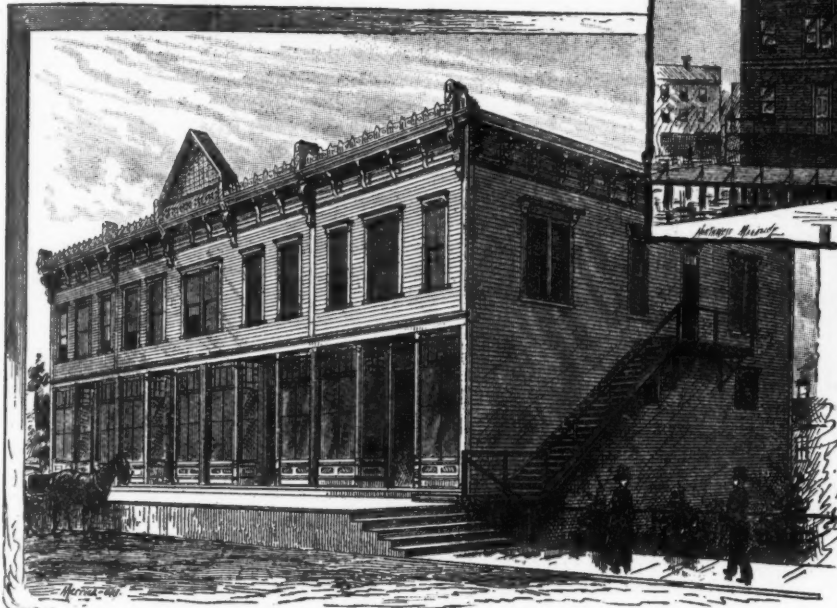
WHATCOM.—THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

practical terminus of that road since it is seventy miles nearer to the ocean than is Vancouver the present terminus of that transcontinental line. Bellingham Bay has a magnificent country back of it which is fully described elsewhere. The four towns on the bay are so interwoven, so near a part of each other, that when combined they start in with a population of about 5,000. They are practically one city now, as they run into each other and as soon as the State is admitted into the Union and the legislature gets into working order, the consolidation will doubtless be effected. These towns which are bounding ahead in population and material progress it must be remembered are nearly seventy miles nearer to the ocean than Tacoma and bear the same relation to the "down Sound Country" as that remarkable city does to the head of navigation on Puget Sound.

Fairhaven Bay was called by the Indians Secechem a place of shelter, Sehome is the name of an old Indian chief of the Nooksack tribe, Whatcom is said to mean Ghost in the Indian dialect, Bellingham is an English name. The Indian name of the place was Mamoosea. It is not the purpose of this article to draw any invidious comparisons between these four towns themselves but the comparison between their

Whatcom, drains the western side of Mount Baker, and after becoming clear of the mountain spurs that run out from that monarch of the clouds, it flows on top of a low ridge, so that in high water a series of small sloughs carry much of its surplus waters to the Fraser River on the north. A glance at the map will show that the Nooksack River forms a crescent a few miles back of the towns of Bellingham Bay, or rather the one great town which is growing up there, for one adjoins the other all around the edge of the water. Tributary to this river is a vast extent of the most fertile land in Western Washington. Hundreds of acres of hops will be gathered next month, the soil being peculiarly adapted to the purpose. The culture of this staple article of commerce bids fair to surpass the counties of Pierce and King, as the soil is richer and the industry is increasing. Sheep and stock raising is followed extensively, and grains of all kinds are grown. Fruit raising also is an industry which is one of the principal elements of wealth. The yield of pears, peaches, apples, plums, prunes, cherries, etc., being enormous. Trees begin to bear fruit at four years of age. All the small fruits are produced in enormous quantities. Along the river banks and adjacent country are large quantities of

way. "It is simply this," was the reply, "the road from New Westminster, on the Fraser River, eleven miles from Vancouver, in a direct line down to the boundary line, is all graded. Its length is twenty-seven and one-half miles. Canfield's Road from that point to Whatcom is partly graded. It is twenty-one miles long. We have determined to complete the road at once by finishing the grading



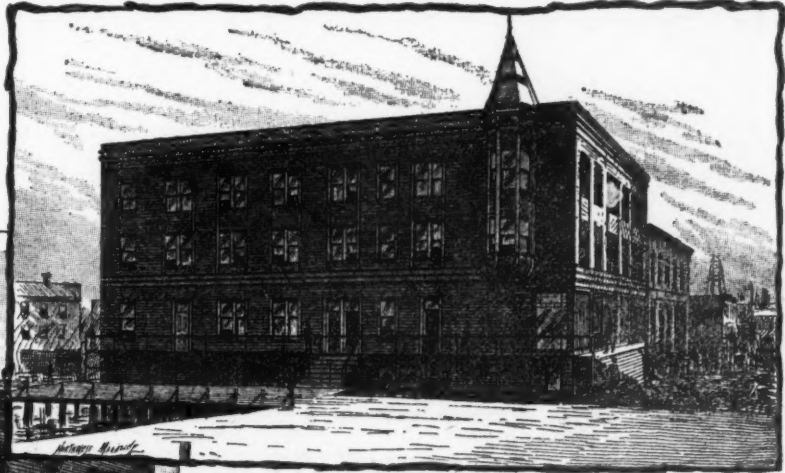
WHATCOM.—KNOX BLOCK.

and laying the rails. Canfield's part of the road this side the boundary is owned by the Bellingham Bay Railway & Navigation Company. The Westminster people have subscribed \$200,000 toward the object, and if the Whatcom people will subscribe about half that amount the work will be finished." The Whatcom people went bravely to work and raised a satisfactory amount. The work is going ahead, and Whatcom will be the first city on the Pacific Slope to tap the Canadian Pacific by a direct line, unless Cornwall's road from Sehome to Mission, taps it sooner. Which line will meet this line from the South? The Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Lake Shore, Seattle & Eastern or the Fairhaven & Southern? Then again, what transcontinental road from the East will make connections with Bellingham Bay?

Of course, the railroad situation on the bay means as much progress for all the bay cities as for Whatcom. The latter is now in advance of the others in population, houses and wealth. Whether it will remain there, or whether all of the towns will be absorbed as one, remains to be seen. In the natural growth which each is making, they are absorbing each other, and it is fair to presume that before another year they will all be under one corporation, with at least three railroads running into it. That means wonderful growth for Bellingham Bay. It means ships going away with cargoes of coal, iron, hops, lumber and fruits. It means vessels and cars coming in with settlers from all parts of the globe. It means a magnificent city, with electric lights, street cars, gas and water, stretching itself all around the splendid bay. The outline already shows itself. The filling in process is progressing as rapidly as men and means can do it and all the conditions are as favorable as kind Nature can make it, for here is a climate unsurpassed, a soil not beaten anywhere in fertility, a contiguous country rich in everything that commerce demands, a route nearer to the sea than any railroad center on the Sound, and a progressive, wide-awake people.

CAPTAIN HENRY ROEDER'S REMINISCENCES.

Nearly forty years ago Henry Roeder, left Cleveland, Ohio, met Russell V. Peabody at Fremont, then Lower

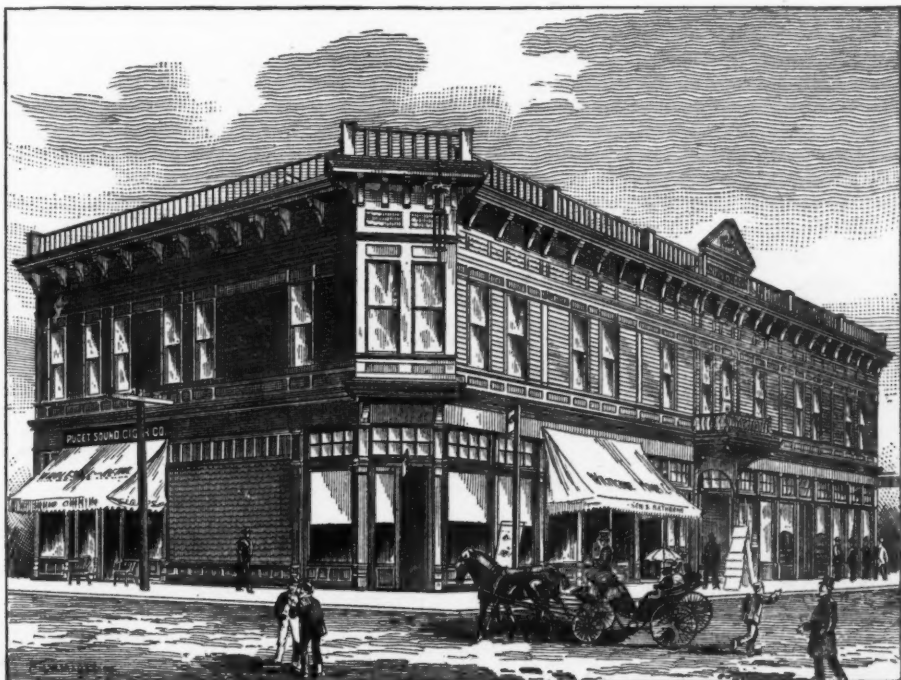


WHATCOM.—STENGER BLOCK.

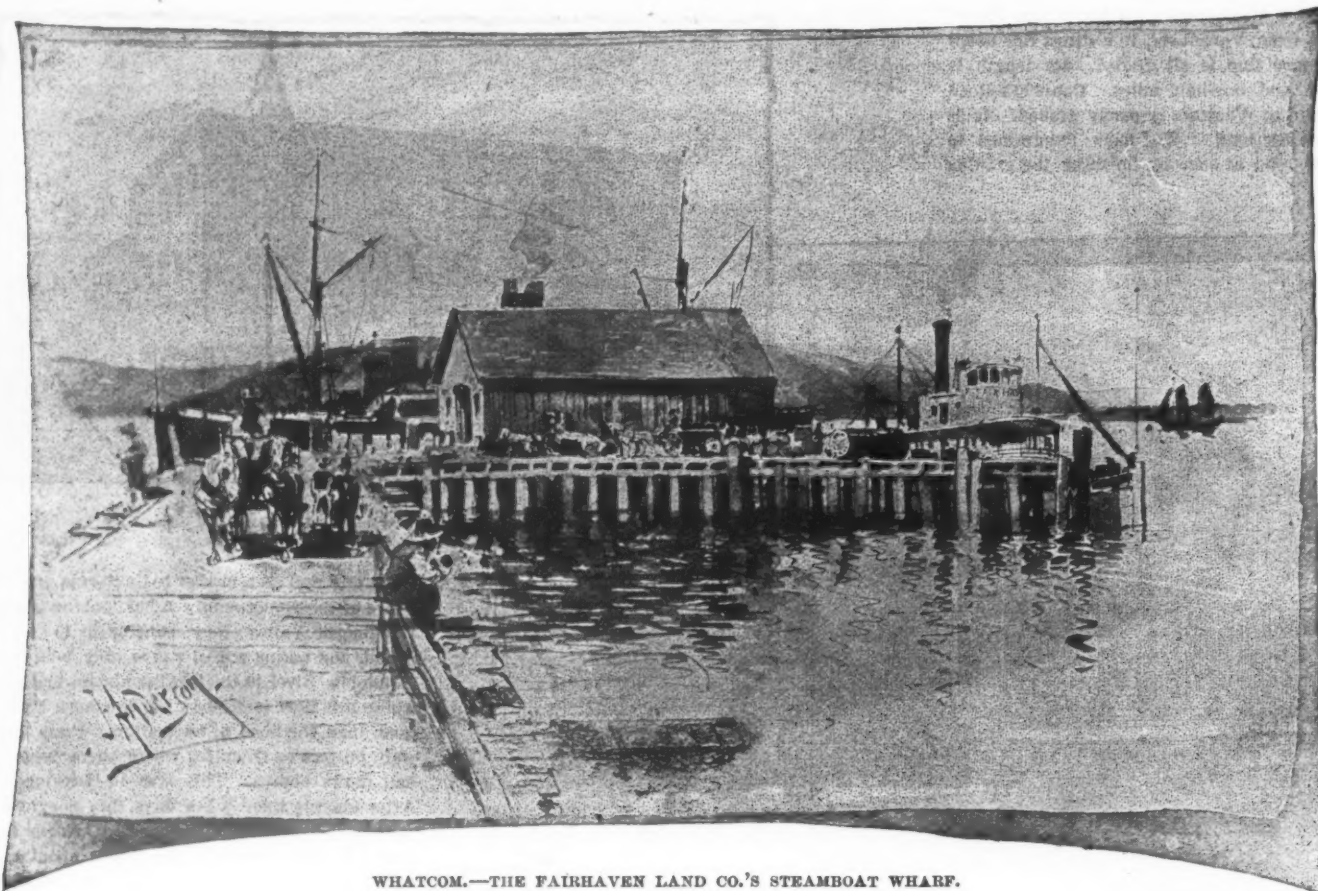
a saw mill and ship lumber to California was now the desire of the young men. After looking around the Willamette Valley they concluded to try Puget Sound, and taking a mail canoe they went down the Columbia River to the Cowlitz and up that stream to where it is now crossed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, then the head of navigation. From there they went on foot to Olympia, where there were about a half dozen houses. This was in December, 1852. After staying there a few days they bought a canoe, sailed on the Sound to the head of North Bay and pulled the canoe through the woods about a mile or so to Hood's Canal. Here they met a white man and hoped to get a supply of provisions from him, but found that he had nothing save dried salmon and turnips. After living on that kind of food for three days they started down the canal, arriving at Port Townsend next day. Here they found nothing but hard, wormy bread. There was but one log house standing near the beach. Back some distance were the homes of Pettigrew, Hastings and Plummer.

"We remained there a day or two," said Captain Roeder, "when Captain William Paddle came in with some Indians in a canoe on his way to Olympia. He stated incidentally in conversation that he had discovered coal and fine water power on Bellingham Bay and would give any man information relative to the matter for \$1,000. He said he was going to have his claim recorded. One of the Indians who came

Sandusky, in the same State, now the home of ex-President R. B. Hayes, and both became the pioneers of Bellingham Bay. His life reads like a romance. Seated in his cosy home in Whatcom, surrounded by his grandchildren, his tales of the early days of this region never grow tiresome. Captain Roeder was born in Germany on the fourth of July, sixty-five years ago, but went to Ohio when but six years of age. His venturesome spirit carried him to California with his partner, Peabody, in the early part of 1850. From there the two men drifted to Portland, Oregon and while there they heard that San Francisco was in ashes and that lumber at the Golden Gate City was worth four hundred dollars a thousand feet. To get a site where there was water power, build



WHATCOM.—UNION BLOCK.



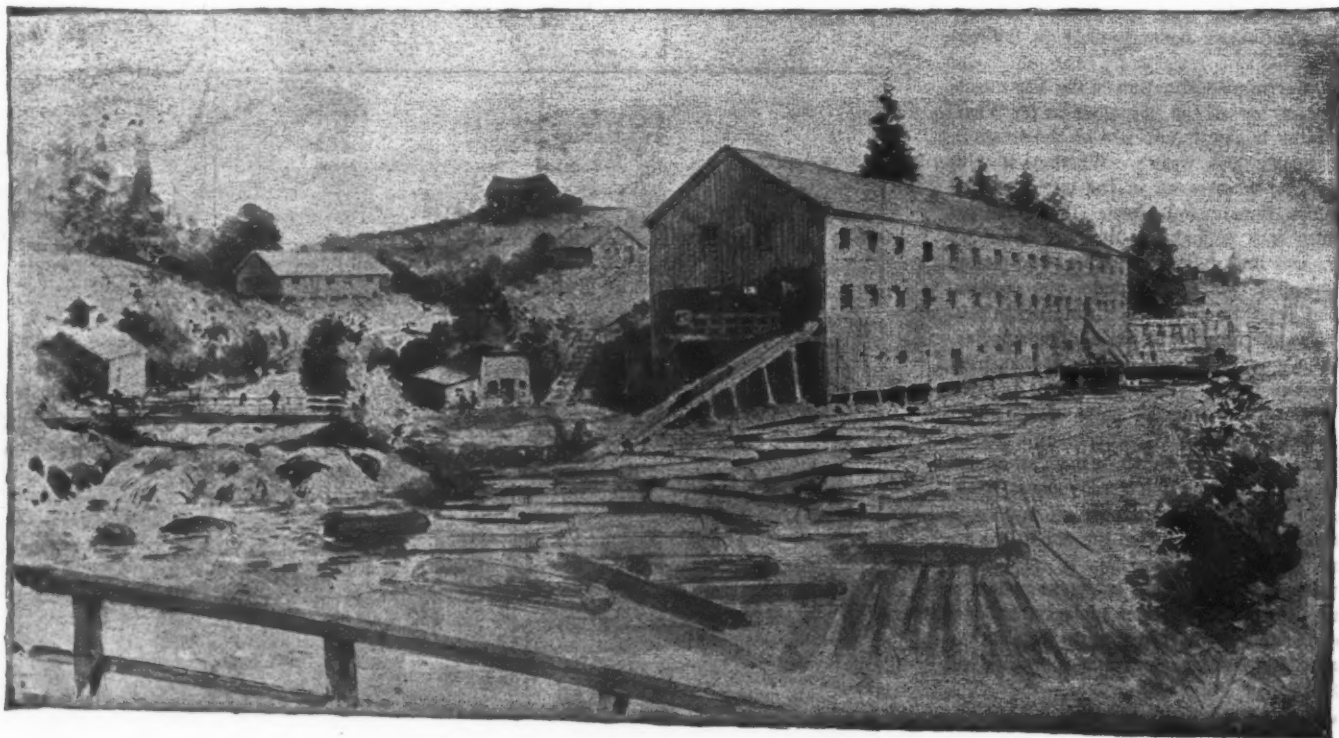
WHATCOM.—THE FAIRHAVEN LAND CO.'S STEAMBOAT WHARF.

with him in a canoe remained behind after Captain Paddle had started. Plummer, of Port Townsend, suggested that we had better try Bellingham Bay, and that the Indian would be a good guide for us. As we wanted water power, we struck a bargain with the Indian to act as pilot for one dollar a day. Peabody and myself started in a canoe and in two days we were here. We looked at the cataract of water coming down Whatcom Creek close to the bay, where Nelson Bennett's sawmill is now located, and concluded at once to stop here. Next morning we went to see Chowitzet, chief of the Lummi

(Flathead) Indians, near by, whose relatives can be seen on the streets of Whatcom any day, and who live on the Lummi Indian reservation. He was the most powerful chief in this neighborhood. We counted at least 500 canoes as they were having a grand Potlatch, or giving away of blankets and other gifts. The money for these goods was gathered from time to time by gamb'ing, selling of slaves, etc., and the blankets purchased from the Hudson Bay Company at Victoria. The chief who could make the biggest showing and give away the most blankets was considered the greatest. Chowitzet was the great

chief of this section, and on the occasion mentioned gave away fully \$2,000 worth of blankets. There were no white men here then and no military protection. Chowitzet gave us permission to take a piece of land on the bay, and sent us help from his tribe to build our mill. He welcomed us to the country, and in after years often told me that the white men who came after us were intruders.

"We finished the mill in 1854, but by the time we were ready to ship the cargo of lumber to San Francisco it was not worth freight charges. Peabody and myself took up a donation claim of 160 acres



WHATCOM.—FALLS OF WHATCOM CREEK AND FAIRHAVEN LAND CO.'S MILL.

under the Oregon law, where Sehome now stands. Some time afterward we shifted the lines of the claim, I taking a claim half a mile to the westward, adjoining Peabody's, he taking the claim with the water power on it. Two months after I gave up the claim coal was discovered on it near the water's edge by Samuel Brown and S. C. Hewitt. These two men I had secured in San Francisco, where I had been to buy machinery for the mill. They agreed to come and work for us on shares. They did the laboring work and cooking. We shipped a sample of the coal—sixty-five tons of it—to McKenzie, Thompson & Co., of San Francisco, on the schooner "William Allen," in July, 1854. It was the first coal ever mined in this Territory or on the Pacific Slope, and the first to reach San Francisco. About this time Captain Alden (afterward Admiral) and Captain Fauntleroy, who were here in the U. S. Coast Survey steamer "Active," heard of the discovery of coal, in fact I showed it to Fauntleroy; and when they went back to Frisco a company was organized there composed

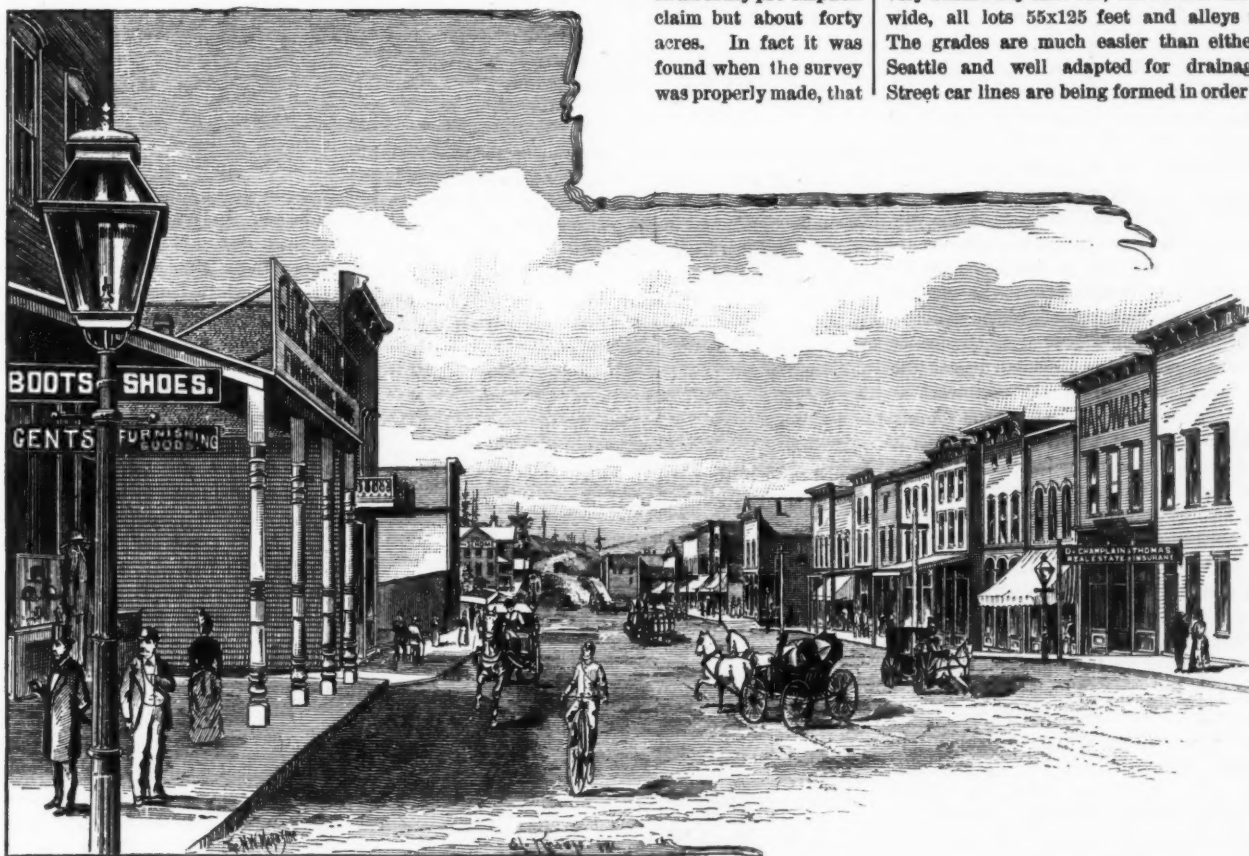
were of course indignant. Hewitt said "I'll go for him and have two-thirds of that money or his heart's blood. He went and years after I heard that he found Brown, and got half of the money. Hewitt never came back. Both are dead. Twenty-two years after that occurrence I went back to the States and found Brown sick and in a dying condition at Vermillion, Ohio. I took an attorney with me to see him. He confessed he had so badly used me that he wanted to make it good but his estate would not admit of it. He turned over \$800 to me.

"I took up a U. S. pre-emption claim of 160 acres in addition to the donation claim, some time after the territory of Washington was organized at the advice of Hon. Selucius Garfield, who was Receiver of the Land Office then in Olympia. During the Civil War while I was away on business in the Cariboo, (B. C.) mines President Lincoln ordered that all lands not proved up should be subject to private cash entry after ninety days notice. I never got the notice and at the end of the ninety days the Bellingham Bay Coal Company scooped in all of my pre-emption claim but about forty acres. In fact it was found when the survey was properly made, that

now known as San Juan County and Island County. He is now a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, and always looking after the interests of the town he founded.

SEHOME.

Sehome has not been incorporated as a town yet, in consequence of the flaw in the incorporation law passed by the last Territorial Legislature; but how it is booming! New streets are being cut through in all directions and are graded and are substantially planked, the water works now in process of construction from Lake Whatcom will soon be finished and water be flowing through the pipes to the houses, the electric lights are flashing and all the modern conveniences that go to make up a first-class nineteenth century town are here. Its location is halfway between Whatcom and Fairhaven, gently sloping down to the deep waters of the bay, where the wharves hold the shipping which is making Sehome a commercial metropolis. The townsite of Sehome is very beautifully laid out, the streets are eighty feet wide, all lots 55x125 feet and alleys twenty feet. The grades are much easier than either Tacoma or Seattle and well adapted for drainage purposes. Street car lines are being formed in order to accommo-



SEHOME.—VIEW ON ELK STREET.

of Captain Fauntleroy, Calhoun Benham, Major Hammond, Charles Minturn and Major Snyder, nearly all of them United States officials. Both firms wanted to buy the mine. McKenzie, Thompson & Co. had fixed upon \$60,000 to be paid for it, and Fauntleroy's firm \$40,000. To get on the ground first and secure the prize was the object. McKenzie's agent went to Portland by steamer and started overland for the Sound. Fauntleroy, knowing the country, stopped on the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Cowlitz River, and came here a day in advance of McKenzie's agent. Hewitt and myself were away at the time on business for the mill. Fauntleroy found Brown here and asked him what he would take for the mine. He replied \$18,000 for the mine and \$500 for the tools. A sum of money was paid him down and a sight draft for the balance on Major Snyder, of the United States Mint at San Francisco, one of the company. Brown disappeared as soon as the bargain was consummated, and the company took possession. Of course we had no papers or no force to make a fight for the mine. When Hewitt and myself arrived home some weeks afterward we

part of my pre-emption claim over-lapped part of my donation claim.

"I was here during the troubles with the British relative to the San Juan Islands opposite the city of Whatcom and built the schooner H. C. Page, the first vessel large enough to carry live stock on the Sound. We also built the Schooner General Harvey which was wrecked some weeks ago. It was about the time General Harvey died. General Pickett, the famous confederate leader built Fort Bellingham in 1856. He was then a captain. I furnished the stone for it. I knew many of the early army officers. General Sheridan, General Forsyth and others when young lieutenants; have often had a days sport in fishing for trout in Whatcom Creek, near our mill. We got a mail from Port Townsend and Olympia about once a week in those days by mail-express canoe and paid twenty-five cents per letter."

Captain Roeder has been a member of the Legislative assembly of Washington Territory for seven terms and once a member of the Upper Council. When he first arrived in Bellingham Bay it was part of Oregon and Whatcom County included what is

date the increasing population. Sehome is in the center of the four towns on Bellingham Bay. Whatcom and Bellingham adjoin the town on either side and Fair Haven is but a short distance away. Bellingham Bay is shaped like an irregular crescent, with these four towns on its banks. The harbor in front of Sehome is safe and commodious. One of the prettiest sights in the world is the scenery to be viewed from the windows of the new Sehome Hotel. Across the bay can be seen the sombre San Juan islands, many of them rising abruptly from the waters of the Sound, while in another direction the snow-capped peaks of Mount Baker, the Twin Sisters and other prominent points of the Cascade Range are visible. Through Hale's passage which leads out to the Gulf of Georgia, steamers and vessels are constantly passing, or making their way toward the inside passage by rounding the point at Fair Haven and crossing Samish Bay. Whatcom Creek divides Sehome from Whatcom. Holly Street, a fine, spacious thoroughfare, joins Thirteenth Street in Whatcom, making a continuous avenue much like Pacific Avenue in Tacoma, running along the edge of the two towns

and joining them practically into one. The commerce of Sehome, as well as the other towns of the Bay, is constantly increasing, because the bay is nearer to reach from the ocean than the cities up toward the head of Puget Sound. It is but a short route from the Straits of Fuca to Bellingham Bay and the coal, iron, hops, fruits and other articles of exports are just as plentiful as in the up Sound country. Back of these towns, up to the British boundary and beyond, are some of the finest farming lands in the world. Coal is at the doors of Sehome, for here the first coal ever mined in Washington Territory was found in 1854. Another reason why shipments are favorable to Bellingham Bay is the good anchorage, there being an average of eight fathoms of water. The bay is five miles by three in length and breadth and is almost landlocked.

School-houses, newspapers and churches, the sure safeguards of civilization are not wanting in the new town. Wherever the eye reaches there are signs of progress, and the amount of building of stores and residences is amazing. With a railroad running into Sehome from the Canadian Pacific system, through a rich agricultural and mineral country, and connections made southward and eastward, its growth can not be retarded. The Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad Company, in which Messrs. Cornwall, Mills, Haggin, Bell and Hayward are interested, runs out of Sehome at the steamboat wharf in a northeasterly direction toward the Nooksack. It has been graded seven miles, the rails have been laid for four miles and two ship loads of rails are now on the way to complete the road upon which accommodations are now running. Before the first of January next the coal mines, seventeen miles distant, will be reached and coal brought to Sehome bunkers. When this road reaches the British Columbia border at Mission or Fort Hope it will be nearer the Canadian Pacific line than any other road making its way northward as that road is but nine miles distant. After joining with the Canadian Pacific the road will construct a line in the new State eastward across the mountains and join some transcontinental line making its way westward and also southward. The road will pass around the beautiful Lake Whatcom after leaving Sehome. Through what pass of the mountains it will go is not now known as the capitalists who are building the road will not let it be made public. P. B. Cornwall the head of the road who is largely interested in Sehome, is President of the Iron and Steel Institute, San Francisco and worth many millions of dollars as are all of his associates. All around Bellingham Bay for five miles back of the water, additions are laid out. It is a lovely stretch of country with no steep grades. As far up as the Nooksack Valley which runs almost around it, the soil is rich and after crossing the Nooksack there are level stretches of great hopfields, magnificent orchards, and fields of waving grain and pasture. Good wagon roads lead out of Sehome for many miles and one can drive to Westminister or any part of the accessible northern country. A large sawmill erected on the Sehome wharf has a cutting capacity of 240,000 feet per day and is supplying the local trade with lumber. The splendid location of Sehome and the possibilities which nature has given it for a great city are plainly observable to one who will take the trouble to walk or drive around its spacious streets and its beautiful suburbs.

The townsite of Sehome was originally a donation claim taken up by C. C. Vail and E. C. Fitzhugh. The latter was a noted man in the early days of Washington Territory. Sehome is the name of an old Nooksack Indian chief. The town was platted in 1883 as New Whatcom, but under the act of incorporation which it was intended to get from the Legislature of the Territory, it was named Sehome. P. B. Cornwall, the head of the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia railroad company, has always entertained a deep conviction that Sehome would become a great railroad and shipping center. His company owns 3,700 acres of land encircling the Bay cities and pays more taxes than any other individual in the county. Their monthly pay roll has averaged about \$20,000



HON. EDWARD ELDRIDGE, VICE-PRESIDENT BELLINGHAM BAY NATIONAL BANK, SEHOME.

paid out at Sehome. They have during the past year cleared 500 acres of land on the townsite and extending out along the railroad; and all railroad work so far done and money expended for material has cost the B. B. & B. C. Co. not less than \$175,000. This includes the railroad grade and the fifteen miles of iron, as well as the rolling stock now on the road. Beside this the company have spent about \$10,000 in the erection of offices, machine shops, city hall and other buildings, to say nothing about money expended for the improvement and planking of streets.

The Sehome wharf which is not a lengthy one as deep water is reached near the shore has been enlarged to three times its former size, and a warehouse 40x100 built to accommodate increasing traffic. An



H. E. WAITY, TOWN TREASURER, SEHOME.

ample park is being laid out, not on a narrow, stingy scale, but broad-gauged enough for a great city; and all improvements are made to correspond.

Piles have been driven for the extension of the railroad along the water front to the large saw mill and on to the coal bunkers, to facilitate shipment; and other wharves are being extended out from the Sehome water front.

The great sawmill previously referred to is located between the coal bunkers and wharf. The size of the mill is 280x130 feet, and has a capacity of 10,000 per hour or 240,000 per day—as great as any mill on

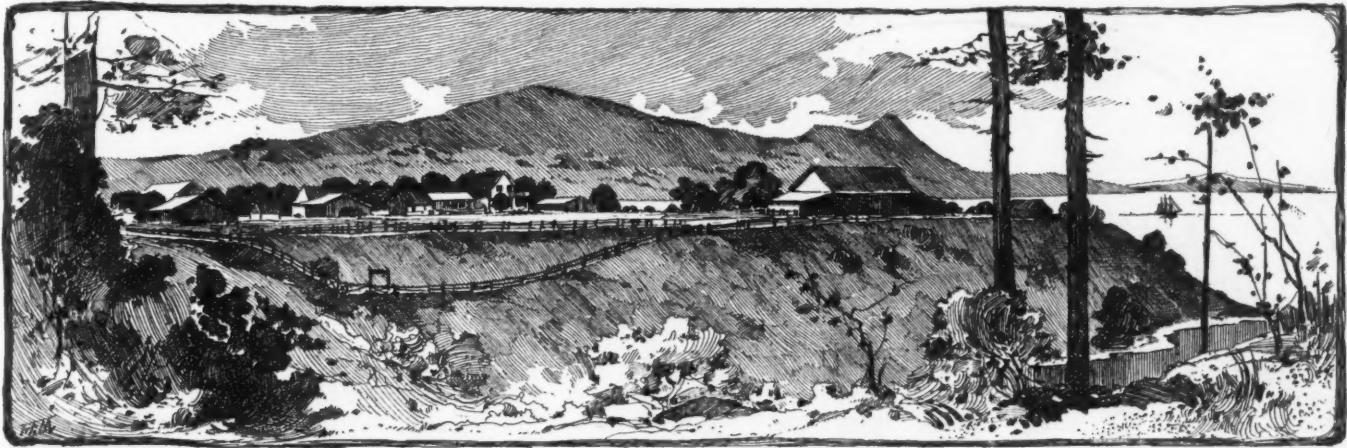
Puget Sound. To erect it required 600,000 feet of lumber, which was cut by the small mill at the rate of nearly 20,000 per day. The small mill is now used to drive an electric plant. The large mill has nine boilers and two sets of powerful engines. In connection there is a sash and door factory. Of course this enormous mill will be compelled to find a foreign market for most of its lumber, which will bring the ships of every nation to our harbor.

Half a block of ground has been reserved by the company on Railroad Avenue between Maple and Chestnut streets for a local lumber yard.

The Cornwall Company have built scores of neat cottages on the townsite and are also the prime movers in the erection of the water works which will supply all the bay cities with water from Lake Whatcom.

HON. EDWARD ELDRIDGE.

The Nestor of the constitutional convention, which assembled in Olympia in July was Edward Eldridge, the delegate from Whatcom County, who had been in the Territory since 1853. He was a pioneer of the early days and yet but sixty-two years of age. Mr. Eldridge is interested in Sehome very largely and connected with the Bellingham Bay National Bank and other companies. He was born in St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1828 and is like his pioneer colleague, Henry Roeder, an adopted citizen. At thirteen years of age he was following the sea and when the announcement of the discovery of gold in California was made he landed in San Francisco, October 1849, and remained in California until the spring of 1853, when he came to Washington Territory, landing at Bellingham Bay in May, 1853. He has been on the bay ever since. Mrs. Eldridge accompanied him and was the first white female that settled in Whatcom County. Mr. Eldridge took up a donation claim of 320 acres on the water front of Bellingham Bay and to-day has one of the finest houses in the Pacific Northwest. It is not an ancestral hall but a cosy home surrounded by grand old trees and beautiful garden and commanding a majestic view of bays, sounds, islands, ships and steamers. It is probably the finest located home in all respects in Washington Territory. Mr. Eldridge has filled most of the important public offices in the Territory. He was Speaker of the House in 1866 and presided over the Republican Territorial Conventions that nominated Denny, Flanders and Garfield for Congressional delegates. He was one of the three delegates at large in the Constitutional Convention held at Walla Walla in 1878 and the Walla Walla Union at that time said of him, "He is the Jefferson of the body in parliamentary politics. He is progressive in his views, advocating woman's rights, the preferential system of voting and local option in strong and plain arguments, but unlike the general foreigner is not dogmatic, egotistical or bigoted. He is philosophical and a smooth talker and is universally respected for his true worth." Mr. Eldridge has always taken an interest in the development of the towns on Bellingham Bay, believing it to be the future great harbor of the North Pacific. Some years ago J. W. Baker and S. P. Bates, two noted sea captains, gave Mr. Eldridge a document signed by them which he is fond of showing to his friends. It reads as follows: "We J. W. Baker and S. P. Bates, having sailed for twelve years from Bellingham Bay to San Francisco in charge of vessels belonging to the Bellingham Bay Coal Company, among which were the "Germania" and the "Lookout," two of the largest vessels then trading to Puget Sound, each drawing twenty-four feet of water when loaded, do hereby certify that we consider Bellingham Bay one of the finest harbors we have ever seen in any part of the world. There is about one hundred square miles of water completely land locked, where a ship can ride out to the heaviest gale in safety in less than fifteen fathoms of water; that the harbor proper where vessels load and unload is completely sheltered from all storms, that there is nothing to prevent any vessel from sailing out of an into Bellingham Bay and that no accident happens to any of the vessels under our charge while we were in the employ of said company."



HON. EDWARD ELDRIDGE'S RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS ON BELLINGHAM BAY.

LAKE WHATCOM.

The glories of the section of country between Bellingham Bay and the British border are the beautiful lakes and streams of pure cold water all of them teeming with fish and surrounded by magnificent scenery. There is no prettier sheet of water in the new State than Lake Whatcom, less than three miles from Whatcom and 316 feet above the level of the bay. It is eleven miles long and from a mile and a half to two miles wide. There is a capital hotel on the lake where boats can be obtained, also rods for fishing. It is full of gamey trout and is the mecca of sportsmen. Well-water supply of the towns on Bellingham Bay is drawn from this lake. The timber around this beautiful sheet of water at a low estimate amounts to 300,000,000 feet and it is of the best quality. The lake is over 400 feet deep and a fine steamer is running on it at all hours. Mount Baker and the Twin Sisters seen from the shores of the lake and but a few miles away are a grand sight. No pen or brush can ever do them justice.

Geneva is situated three miles due east of Bellingham Bay, and occupies one mile of water frontage on the beautiful shores of Lake Whatcom. It is at the western landing of the lake steamers, and is a government post office. The land is nearly level with a gentle slope to the lake. That it is destined in the very near future to become the most popular pleasure resort on the North Pacific Coast is conceded. A plank road is to connect Geneva with the Bay Cities, and a street railway company have already been organized, and charter granted, for the purpose of building a line of street railway from Whatcom, Sehome, Bellingham and Fairhaven to Geneva, over which the fare will not exceed ten cents. Two lines of railway will also pass to and through Geneva. For

pleasant homes, either summer or winter, no more desirable locality can be found in Western Washington.

A number of residences have already been established at Geneva, and hotels, mills, public school buildings, mercantile establishments and other enterprises will follow before the close of the present year. The owner of the Geneva plat has had land surveyed and replatted, and offers special inducements to those who want homes. Ample parks, beautiful drives, boating facilities, fishing advantages and many other permanent and desirable features contribute to the

LAKE PADDEN.

Mr. Jenkins has also platted his old homestead on Lake Padden one mile from Fairhaven, two miles from Bellingham, three miles from Sehome and four miles from Whatcom. This delightful plat of land is situated on the southern shore of Lake Padden, overlooking the lake to the north, Bellingham Bay to the west and Chuckanut Valley with its majestic range of hills to the south. That Highland Glen will be connected with the Bay cities by either an electric motor or cable line within the next twelve months is

certain—thus placing it within a few moment's ride from the business center. The proprietor has very wisely set apart and dedicated portions of the plat for hotels, churches, public school buildings, boat houses, and public parks. Lots are in size from forty to eighty feet frontage, by 100 to 280 feet deep and will be sold at from \$50 to \$350 each; half cash, balance on time, with a discount of fifty per cent. to those who will build and improve their lots.

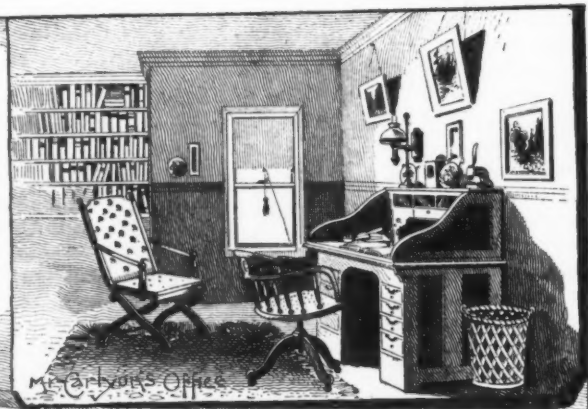
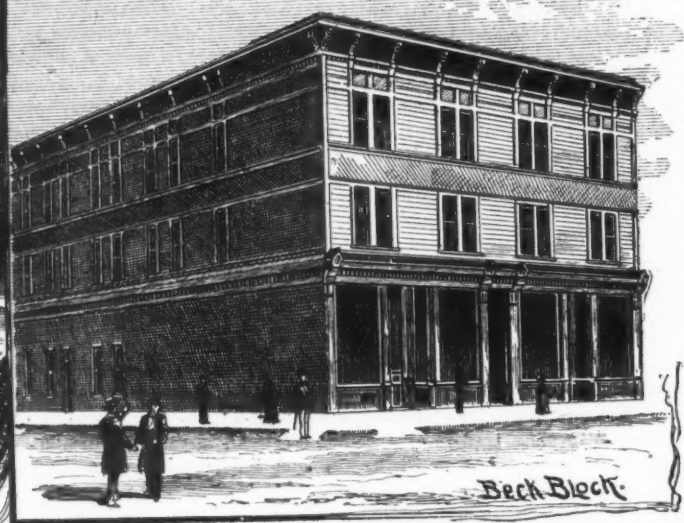
Life Above the Snow Line.

A recent visitor to the top of Pike's Peak found the signal service officer melting snow for his water supply, the only one he gets. The officer said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is as keen and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, the visitors sitting in their shirt sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass; the summer scene is gone; green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in the world of eternal ice, and snow, and silence."



SEHOME.—THE SEHOME.

intrinsic value of a home at Geneva. It is the owner's intention to devote seventy-five per cent. of the proceeds from the sale of lots towards beautifying parks, building drives, roadways, and otherwise improving the property. For information relative to Geneva, call on or address any reliable real estate firm on Bellingham Bay, or to the owner direct, Will D. Jenkins of Whatcom. Mr. Jenkins is one of the energetic and best known citizens of Whatcom, has been Mayor of the city and has been in the lead of all public improvements of this section of the country.



FAIRHAVEN.

What astonishes everybody who goes to Bellingham Bay is the growth of Fairhaven. Here is a forest primeval rapidly changing into a city of broad streets with sewers, pavements, electric lights, and substantial buildings. The home of the Indians yesterday, the fair haven of commerce and civilization to-day, with a first class standard gauge railroad running out of it to the Skagit River coal and iron mines, Fairhaven has been aptly called the Tacoma of the North. It has a splendid location on Bellingham Bay, because on coming into that spacious sheet of water from Samish Bay by the inside passage, or in approaching it from the outside passage, it is the easiest one of the four towns on the bay to get into, has the best wharfage and anchorage and is entirely protected from the winds. The wharf at Fairhaven is not 300 feet from the shore to the end where in the lowest condition of the tide the water is thirty feet deep, so that vessels drawing the largest number of feet can land there without trouble and remain there at any stage of the ebb and flow of the tide.

What is the use of turning southward for a hundred miles when bringing a vessel through the Straits

her wharves every day with freight and passengers, a large and substantial hotel is being erected, street grading is going on everywhere, hundreds of stores and residences are being erected, sawmills are turning out thousands of feet of lumber per day, electric lights are flashing, locomotives of the finest make costing \$10,000 each are hauling in coal, lumber and other products over a road bed that has no superior in the Pacific Northwest, built under the superintendence of Chief Engineer J. J. Donovan who was the Assistant Engineer in charge of construction on the Cascade Division of Northern Pacific Railroad. The construction of this road, the largest and best equipped railroad in this section of country, by the Fairhaven & Southern Railroad Company, was a fine piece of engineering. Track laying did not begin until July. It was delayed through the Seattle fire, where most of the machinery for the sawmill was destroyed and hence the bridge timbers could not be gotten out. The road runs in a Southeasterly direction, passing by Happy Valley, a beautiful spot of about 100 acres within a mile of the town, going by Lake Padden, two miles away, and then around Samish Lake, seven and a-half miles distant, the scenery of which resembles very much that of the beautiful Lake Pend

current, which finds its way through the Straits of Fuca and to the shores of Bellingham Bay, constantly parting with its surplus caloric during the colder months, tempers the rigors of mid-winter. These and other exceptional circumstances undoubtedly make the western part of Whatcom County one of the favored localities of the globe."

The companies working to make Fairhaven an important city are the Fairhaven Land Company, which owns the townsite of over 1,000 acres and adjoining lands, the Fairhaven & Southern Railroad Company, & the Skagit Coal and Transportation Company. Nelson Bennett is the President of these companies, C. X. Larabee, of Deer Lodge, Montana, Vice President; E. M. Wilson, of Tacoma, Treasurer; E. L. Cowgill, of Fairhaven, Secretary; Ex-Governor Geo. A. Black, of Utah, who has lately moved to Washington, is the Land Agent at Fairhaven in charge of the townsite. Thirty miles of the Fairhaven Southern will be completed before the first of January and with a southern connection, an eastern connection across the Cascades and the joining of its lines with the railroad from the north, it makes Fairhaven the terminus of three transcontinental railways and the nearest great port to the Straits of Fuca

and the sea, nearer by water to San Francisco than any of the large cities of Puget Sound and 600 miles nearer to Japan and China than San Francisco. It taps the world by rail and by sea. Mr. Larabee, who was the chief stockholder in the Boston Consolidated Mining Company at Butte, Montana, and a man of large wealth, visited Fairhaven in company with Nelson Bennett last year after looking over other points on the lower Sound. They finally hit upon Fairhaven as the most desirable locality for a big city and set about building it. The company owns the large sawmill at Whatcom, which has a capacity of 75,000 feet per day, and also the long wharf which makes out from that city to deep water. Until the street car line is completed a stage has been making regular trips from Fairhaven to Bellingham, Sehome and Whatcom. This mode of conveyance did not satisfy the company nor the people, so the little passenger steamer Mikado, of Portland was purchased and is now making hourly trips between these points. The Mikado carries 100 passengers.

All the streets of the new city are eighty feet wide and the alleys twenty feet wide. McKenzie Avenue is 100 feet in width. The lots are 50x100 and 25x100. Good land within two miles of the place can be bought for less than \$500 per acre and lots in additions near by sell for from \$100 to \$300 apiece. Fairhaven is the most wonderful town in America, for rapid growth. Last October it was an old donation claim belonging to Dan Harris, the pioneer who settled on it over thirty years ago. To-day it is a live, bustling city disputing the superiority of Seattle or Tacoma in location and railroad and shipping facilities. Ships can sail right up to the Fairhaven wharves from the ocean without the aid of tug or pilot.

The capital stock of the Fairhaven & Southern railroad company was in July increased to \$6,000,000 and arrangements made to build northwardly to New Westminster at the Fraser River and from thence to Vancouver. This road will tap the British boundary about ten miles east of Blaine and cross the incomplete Cornwall road, which runs out of Sehome a short distance. Contracts have been made with the New Westminster & Southern road, which reaches the American border from New Westminster that the Fairhaven & Southern will meet it at the border and thus there will be all rail communication from Fairhaven to the Canadian Pacific road. The Fairhaven & Southern have had two parties of engineers out in the Cascades to the eastward of Fairhaven.

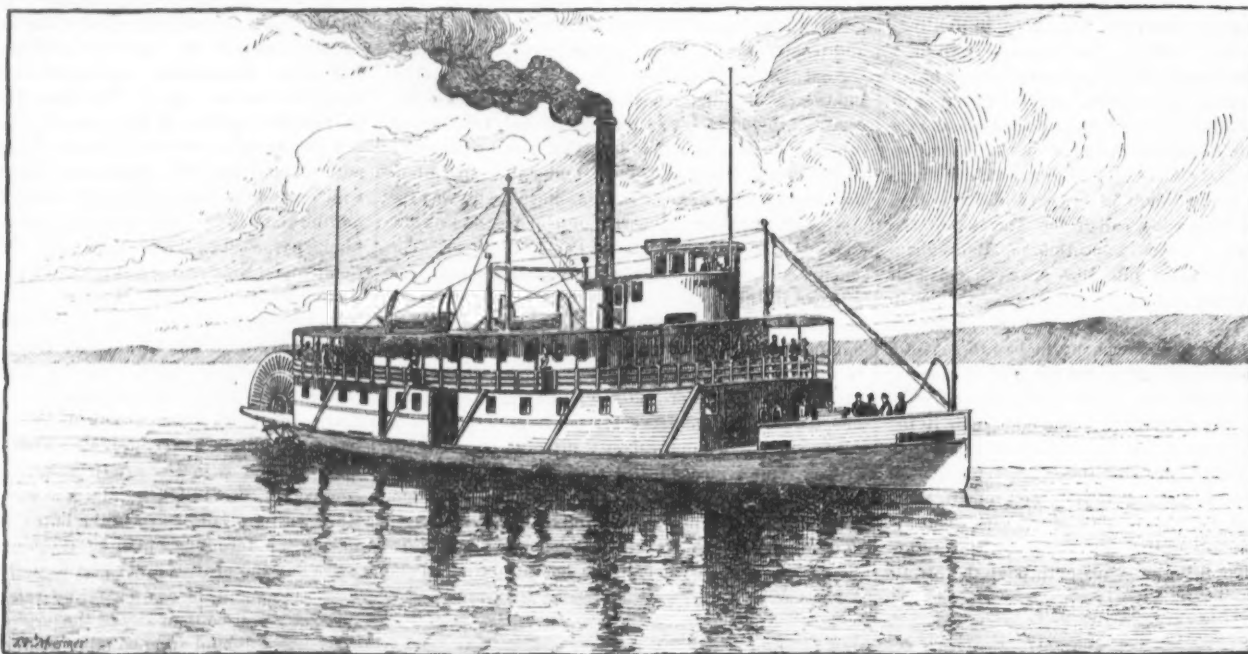


SEHOME.—THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

of Fuca from the ocean, when you can turn in a northeastwardly direction and find in one-third of the distance a place where all the products can be obtained that are shipped from Tacoma or Seattle? That is a question which all the people on Bellingham Bay ask? The projectors of Fairhaven believed that of all sites on the mainland of Puget Sound, the Southeast corner of Bellingham Bay was the place for a great city, because it was much nearer the sea than the up Sound cities and 100 miles nearer to the Okanogan Mines, the Big Bend wheat country, the bunch grass region, Spokane Falls and the Cœur d'Alene mines than either Tacoma or Seattle are. Not only that, it has back of it a much finer agricultural country, more tillable land, more cleared land, a greater number of farms and orchards, an unlimited supply of berries, hops, oats, hay, inexhaustible coal beds and mines of gold, silver and iron.

What made Tacoma, was a railroad bringing these products to her wharves ships and taking them away. Has Fairhaven the facilities for such trading? It has. Great bunkers have been erected to take away the coal brought from the mines on the Skagit River, twenty-four miles distant, steamboats are landing at

d'Oreille, on the Northern Pacific road in Idaho. Thence the road seeks the mines on the Skagit, rich in coal, said to be the best ever mined in the Territory. Whatcom County through which the road partly runs contains 2,000 square miles. The eastern portion is mountainous, exceedingly picturesque and heavily timbered with white pine, fir, cedar and spruce. In the western portion magnificent belts of fir and cedar alternate with extensive river bottoms of vine, maple and alder. Numerous lakes with surroundings of swiss picturesqueness dot the county. The position of the harbor of Fairhaven, its size, depth and sandy bottom makes it the best place of shelter in the Pacific Northwest. The climate at Bellingham Bay is admirable. Said Governor Semple in his last report: "The rainfall is not excessive; there are no moss-covered roofs. An agreeable temperature prevails. Puget Sound, upon its western shore, has a wonderfully equalizing influence upon the climate. The waters of this vast mediterranean of the north are ever ebbing and flowing to and from the sea. Colder than the surrounding atmosphere under the vertical rays of the sun, they absorb its heat and moderate the warmth of midsummer, while the genial Japan



THE FAIRHAVEN LAND CO.'S STEAMER FAIRHAVEN.

They have found an easy pass at the head of the Skagit River and will build the road through it eastward passing north of Lake Chelan and on to the Big Head country. Southward, as before stated, the road is to be built to Tacoma. Five miles from Cedro, where the Fairhaven Southern crosses the Skagit River are splendid iron mines which are to be developed. They are on the south bank of the Skagit and the ore is of superior quality.

The Fairhaven companies have running to and from that point a new steamboat built at Tacoma called "Fairhaven," she carries 150 passengers and 250 tons of freight. The steam tug "E. W. Purdy," a powerful side wheel boat, the passenger steamer "Mikado," and the barges "St. Paul" and "City of Destiny," each with a capacity of 400 tons. Nelson Bennett the moving spirit in these enterprises is the man who built the famous Cascade tunnel for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, a remarkable piece of engineering work. He is the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Tacoma, President of the Fairhaven companies and the largest stockholder in the boats of the Pacific Navigation Company whose boats "The State of Washington," "Skagit Chief," "Henry Bailey" and "Clara Brown" run to points on the Sound in connection with the Fairhaven Land Company's boats.

A new enterprise was launched in July called the Fairhaven Plaindealer with M. Edwards & Co., as editors and publishers. The Plaindealer is politically complexioned republican but has no interest at heart save the upbuilding of Fairhaven and her tributary country. It is a six column quarto and is well filled with advertising and reading matter.

IDAHO'S FLOUR GOLD.

J. S. Hunt, of Bliss, Idaho, who is engaged in mining in the "flour gold" placers at Salmon Falls on Snake River recently imparted the following information to an Oregonian reporter concerning the curious deposits of the precious metals in that region.

"The gold, of which Mr. Hunt has a sample in a vial, is literally as fine as flour, it takes, as he says, 100 colors to make a cent. Placers of this kind are found along the Snake River from Blackfoot to near Huntington, and in the locality where his mine is

fine gold. There should be no trouble about saving the gold in the black sand found on beaches by this system, as it cannot be any finer than the gold Mr. Hunt has. The difficulty probably would be to get plenty of water and to find sand with plenty of gold in it. The placers along the Snake River can only be worked in a few places on account of the impossibility of getting water on them.

When asked how he supposed this gold came to be so fine, Mr. Hunt who is an intelligent gentleman, said he had three theories, but he did not know which was the right one, if any was. It was possible that

at some time the country where this flour gold is found was the beach of a sea, and the gold came there as it did on any of the beaches of this coast. Another theory was that glaciers coming down from the North, grinding and powdering everything before them, might have ground up this gold on the way and deposited it in this place. The third theory is that the gold was thrown out by volcanoes in a vaporized form and settled in some lake in the form of gold dust.

It is certainly a wonderful thing that \$1,000 worth of such almost impalpable powder can be obtained per month from among the sand and gravel, and it is almost as wonderful how anyone came to

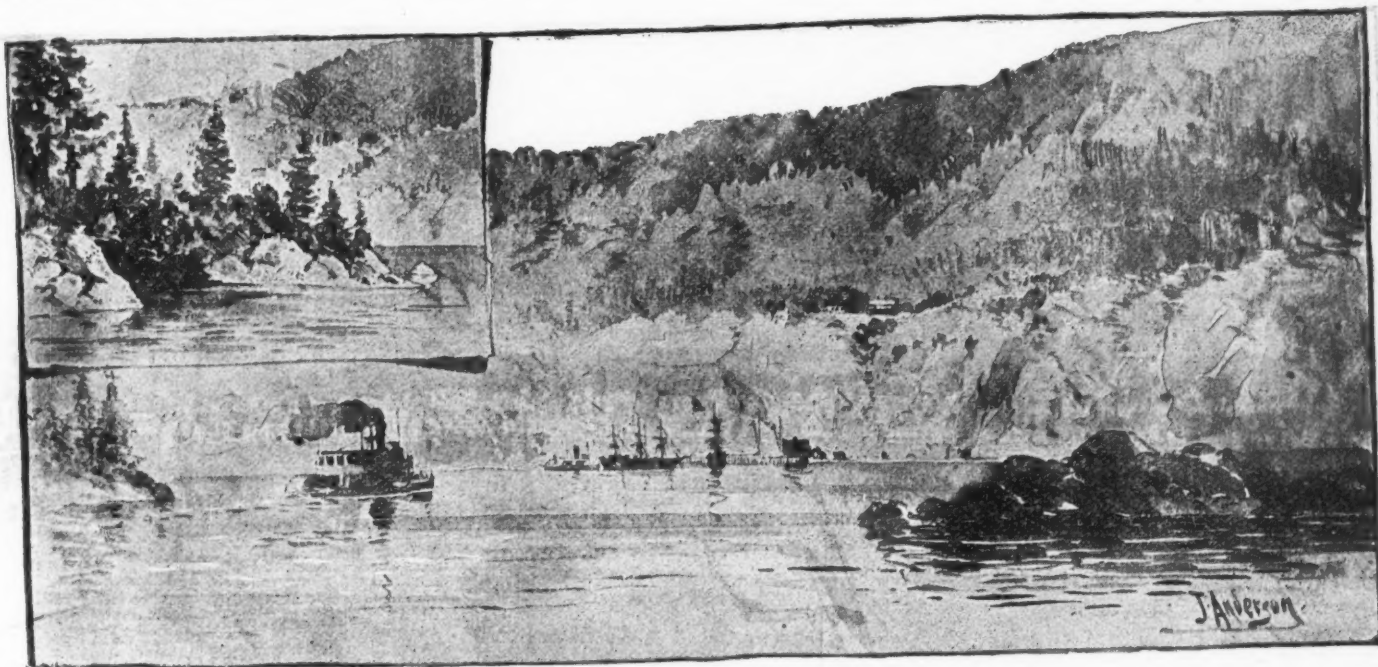
discover that it was there. The man who delves for this flour gold must have a realizing sense of the old Scotch proverb, 'many mickles makes a muckle.'

Mr. Sooter—"Congratulate me, old boy!" Mr. Copley: "Ah—so the fair Clara has consented at last, has she?" Mr. Sooter: "Yaas. That is, y' know, she hasn't exactly said so yet—but her father was looking me up in Bradstreet's this morning, so I guess it's a go."—*Boston Beacon.*

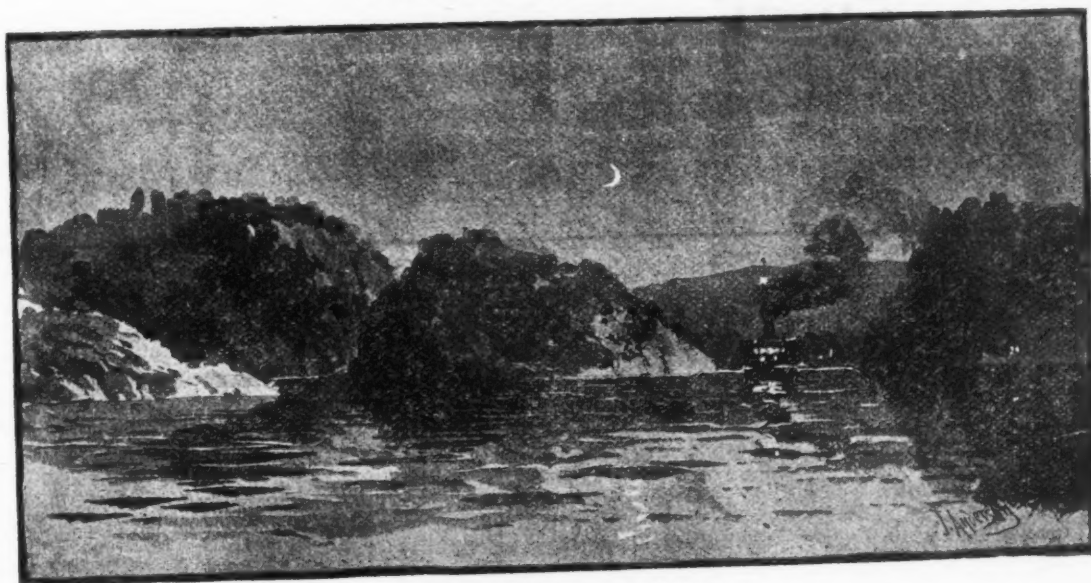


situated there has never been found a 'nugget' as big as a pin's point. Notwithstanding the dust like nature of the gold, this mine yields about \$1,000 per month.

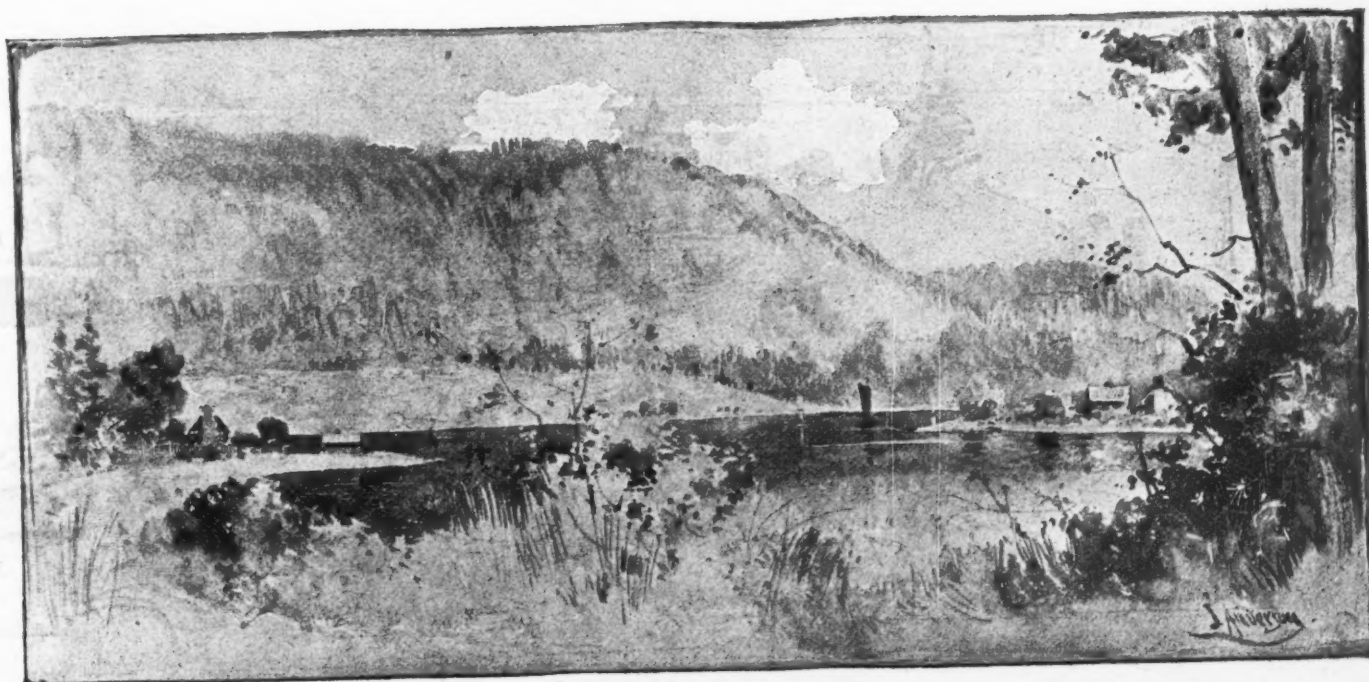
The gravel in which it is found is from twelve to thirty feet in depth. It is worked by ground sluicing the coarse gravel being separated and the fine allowed to run over burlap cloths. The fine sand and gold which collects on these cloths is then passed over plates coated with quick-silver, which takes up the



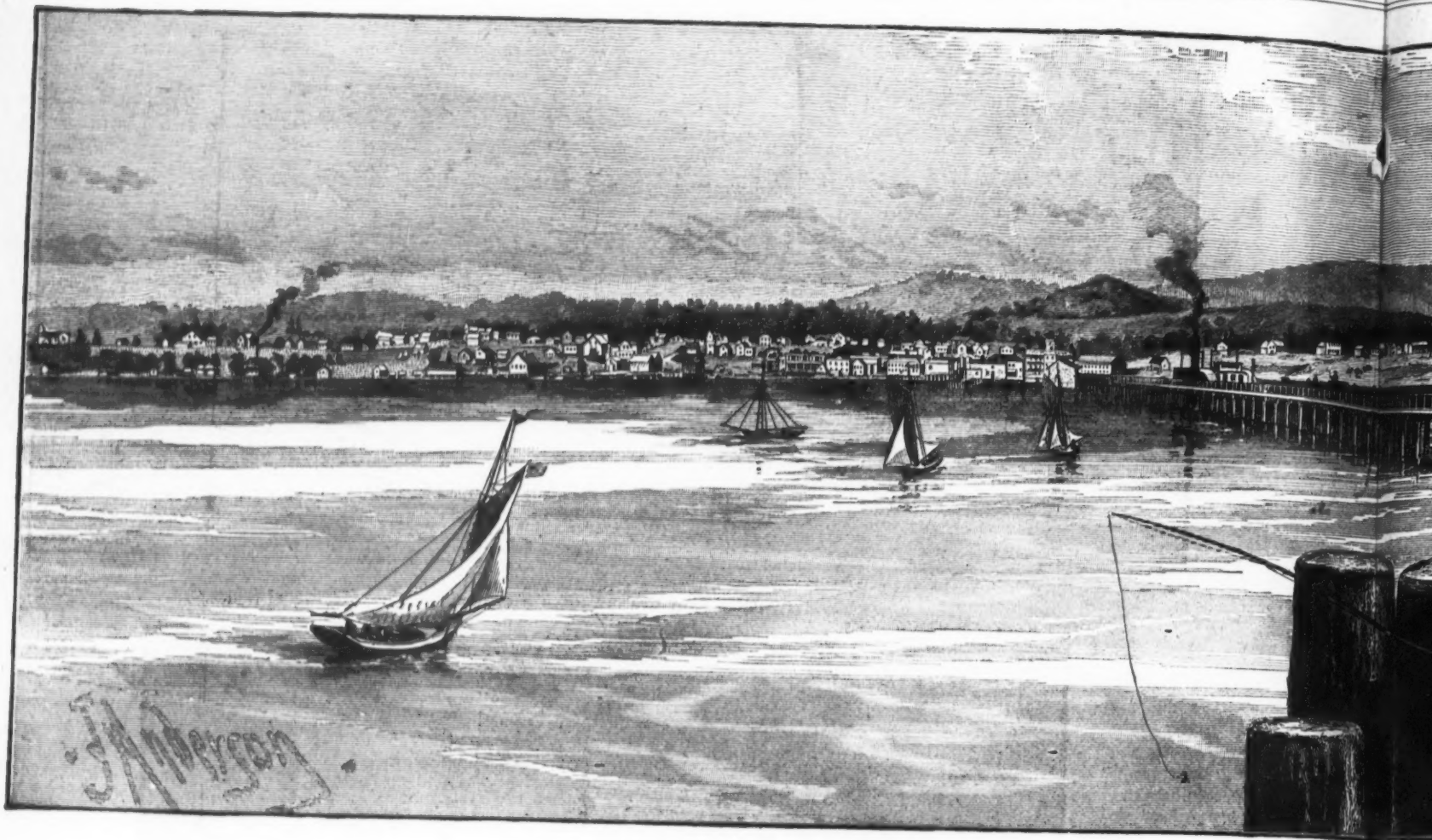
CHUCKANUT QUARRY, NEAR WHATCOM.



DECEPTION PASS, PUGET SOUND.



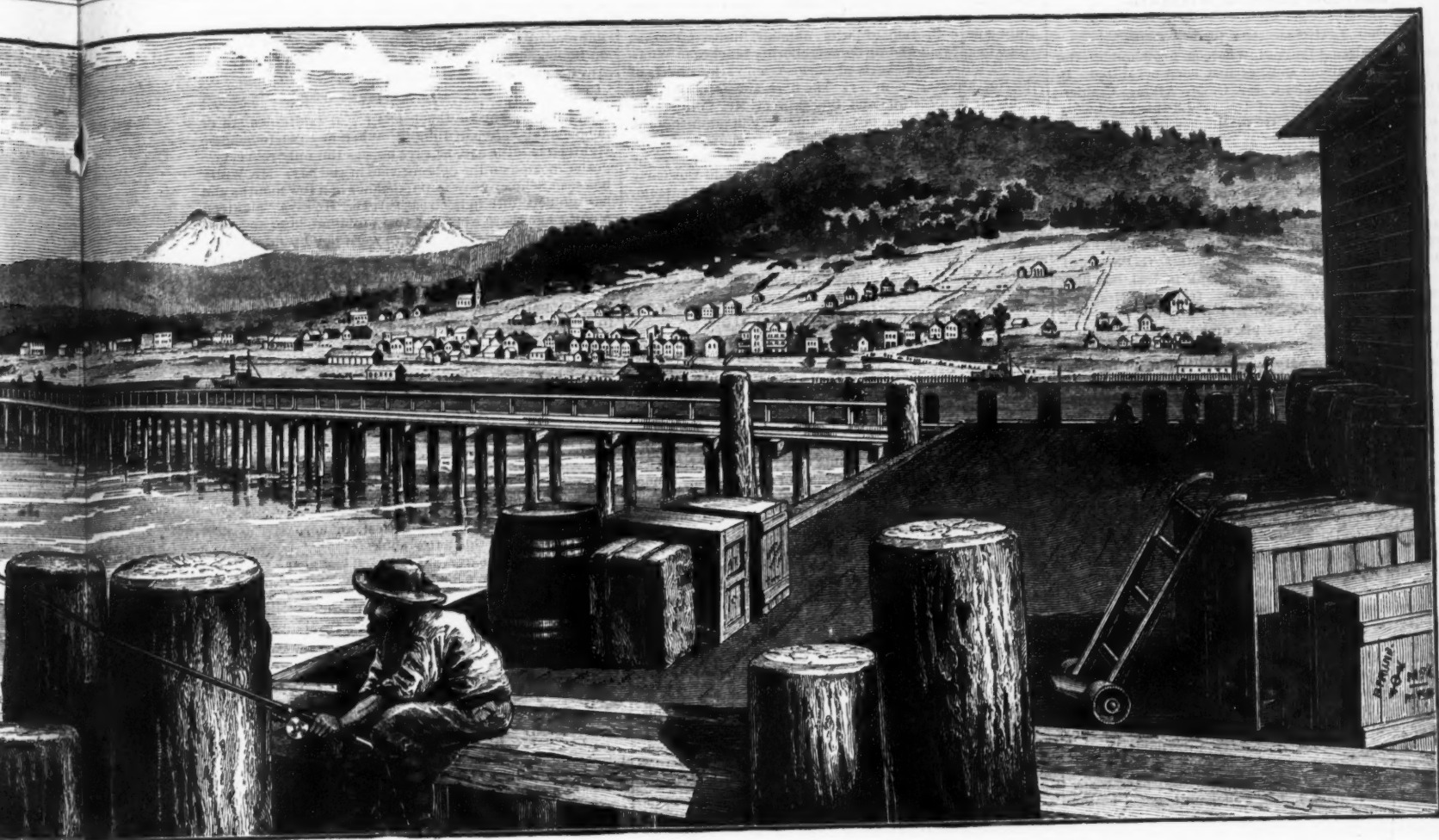
LAKE PADDEN, NEAR FAIRHAVEN.



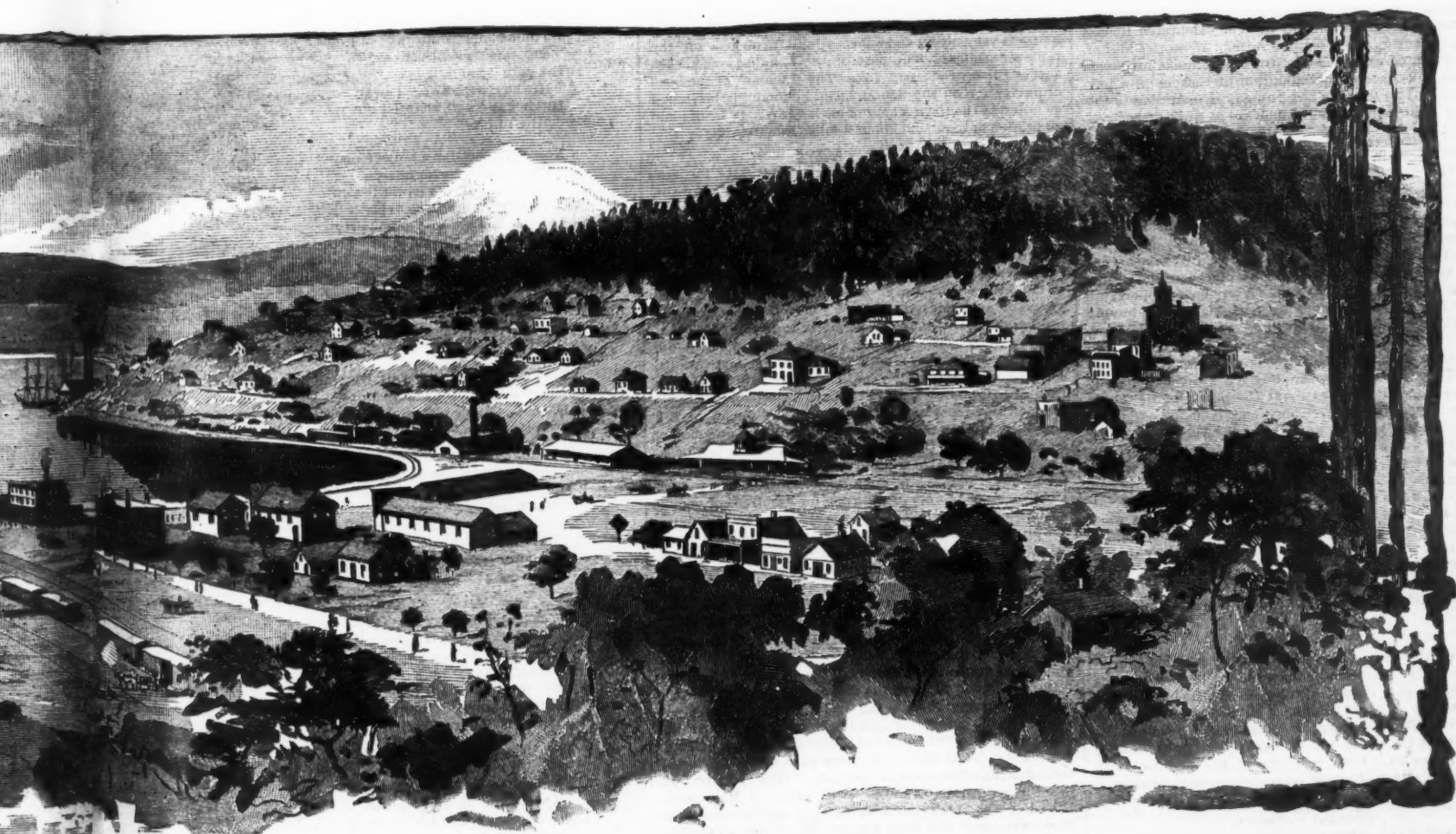
GENERAL VIEW OF WHATCOM AND SEH



GENERAL VIEW OF FAIRHAVEN AND BELL



OF WHATCOM AND SEHOME, WASHINGTON.



FAIRHAVEN AND BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON.

WHATCOM BUSINESS INTERESTS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WHATCOM.

The First National Bank of Whatcom grew out of the first Bank at Whatcom and has just been organized. P. E. Dickinson is President, and C. M. Atkins, Cashier. Among the stockholders of the new bank are Bailey Gatzert, Jacob Furth and H. E. Holmes of Seattle, Will D. Jenkins, P. E. Dickinson, J. P. DeMattos, C. Watkins and others of Whatcom, and L. G. Phelps of Montana. The business of the old bank was on a safe and profitable basis and the reputation of the old proprietors for safe and conservative business methods is a guarantee of what the new bank will be. It is located in the Bank Block, at the corner of Cand 13th Streets. Mr. Dickinson, the President, who is a Baltimorean, with L. G. Phelps, of Montana, established the original bank in 1883. Cashier Atkins is a Michigan man lately from the Montana National Bank of Helena. He is a young and energetic business man, who received his first lessons in banking from the present Comptroller of the Currency Edward S. Lacey, of Michigan. He located in Whatcom in May last, brought his family with him, became interested at once in the welfare of the city and believes it is the coming place on the Sound. In looking over some of the accounts of the old bank in some of the depressing times that happened to Whatcom, Mr. Atkins laughingly showed the record of the dullest day in business some years ago when \$11.50 were received and \$5 paid out. This was long before the Lower Sound country became the Mecca of those who believed that Bellingham Bay was destined to be the site for a large city.

CHUCKANUT QUARRY.

An elegant and durable blue colored free sandstone is found in large quantities on Chuckanut Bay, about four miles from Whatcom. It is owned and operated by Captain Henry Roeder and his son-in-law, Charles I. Roth. Now and improved machinery is at this quarry for getting out large quantities of the stone, which is unequaled on the Pacific Coast. Captain Roeder has owned the quarry ever since it was opened more than thirty years ago. He says that E. C. Fitzhugh, who was one of the owners of the townsite of Sehome and afterwards a judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory, was in the habit of saying to him every time he arrived in Olympia "well here is the crazy man from Whatcom again, who pays taxes on a mountain of rock." The Chuckanut stone, better known as Bellingham Bay stone makes beautiful trimmings to a pressed brick building. It was first used by the government for the Dungeness and Smith's Island light house. The custom house in Portland was built of it in 1856. It is sent all over the Sound and east of the mountains. There is a fine church in Portland built of this stone and many of the finest buildings in Tacoma and Seattle are trimmed with it. The celebrated Boston Block in Seattle, which is to be raised two stories higher, is ornamented with the beautiful blue Chuckanut stone. Captain Roeder says the mountain of rock is on a paying basis. It is the only large quarry in operation in this part of Washington. Thirty men are at work there.

F. G. PETTIBONE.

Proper abstracts of titles are always in demand in a country where property is changing hands so often. Mr. Pettibone, who has been in the real estate business in Whatcom for eighteen months has made this feature a specialty and built up a large and lucrative business. Mr. Pettibone, who is a nephew of Russel Peabody, one of the pioneers of Whatcom, came from Ripon, Wisconsin, five years ago, when there were about one thousand people on Bellingham Bay. "We handled our own property up to eighteen months ago and are now engaged in buying and selling," said Mr. Pettibone. "Property in 1884 was higher in Whatcom than three years ago. Lots which sold at the latter period for \$50 now sell for from \$350 to \$400. The population of the Bay fell away to about 750 two years ago. It now has about 3,500 people on its shores and is increasing daily. There could be 100 residence houses rented here if we had them. The townsite of Whatcom was originally owned by Henry Roeder and Russell Peabody. They took it up in 1854, each with a donation claim—Peabody also had a homestead claim and Roeder part of a pre-emption claim. In the time of the Fraser River gold excitement, in 1858, 10,000 people were in tents around here. The British government made an order that all goods had to be cleared from Victoria. That settled it. People left in all directions." Mr. Pettibone has the finest equipped real estate office in Whatcom in Union Block, a new structure adjoining the Stenger House.

CONNER & PURDY.

Two of the young men of Whatcom, who have been doing a lively real estate business in the last six months are Conner and Purdy, located on Thirteenth Street opposite the Stenger House. N. S. Conner is from La Conner, Skagit County, his mother is the owner of the town site of LaConner. E. W. Purdy is from St. John's, New Brunswick. Both members of the firm are well acquainted with real estate values and have had considerable experience in the sale of lands.

COLLINS & POWELL.

It is well worth while to visit the office of Collins & Powell, real estate agents, opposite the Stenger House.

The senior member of the firm who is a native of Illinois, but who came here from Kansas in 1882, has a wonderfully fine collection of wild animals, birds, minerals, stone images plowed up on neighboring ranches in Whatcom County, and all sorts of curios from various parts of the Northwestern country. The flora and fauna exhibit is highly interesting and the skill of Mr. Collins as a taxidermist has been brought into play in mounting the many wild animals and birds he has to show, including fine specimens of mountain lions. Mr. Collins says he has seen values fall and rise since 1883, but in the early days there was no chance for a railroad to Whatcom. That condition of things has changed. William Powell is a native of Wisconsin but spent nearly thirty years in California. He has been in the real estate business four years, one year longer than any firm in Whatcom. The firm is well liked and doing a well-paying business.

SEHOME BUSINESS INTERESTS.

BELLINGHAM BAY NATIONAL BANK.

The only National Bank in Whatcom County up to a few days ago was the Bellingham Bay National Bank located at Sehome. It is also the only bank in that growing city. It is finely located on Elk Street, the leading thoroughfare, has a capital stock of \$80,000, does a flourishing business which is increasing every day, and from its statement made to the comptroller of the currency, some weeks ago, it shows a healthy growth. F. M. Wade, who is president of the National Bank of Commerce of Tacoma, and of the Second National Bank of Colfax, Wash., is president and Edward Eldridge, who has lived on Bellingham Bay for over thirty years, is the vice-president. James W. Morgan is the cashier. The directors of the bank are E. L. Cowgill, C. W. Carter, N. C. Moore, Edward Eldridge, W. H. Harris, F. M. Wade and James W. Morgan. Among its stockholders are Allen C. Mason of Tacoma, Maurice McMicken of Seattle, Lewis Stenger, Whatcom, H. A. Judson, Lynden, and Charles Schering, Fairhaven.

THE SEHOME.

"The Sehome" is acknowledged by all who visit this part of the country to be the hotel of Bellingham Bay and the headquarters for tourists, investors and commercial men. It is delightfully situated on high ground on Elk Street, overlooking the bay, has fifty-five rooms with all the modern conveniences, is 70x76, four stories high and built in the Queen Anne style of architecture, well arranged portico's are in front of the building, giving the guests an opportunity to enjoy the delightful scenery on all sides which presents an unobstructed view. P. D. McKellar, of Ontario, Canada, who was in the real estate business on the Bay for seven years is the host. The hotel was built by a stock company of Sehome citizens, Mr. McKellar being the largest stockholder. The house is very nicely and substantially furnished, and the table is excellent. The cost of the building was \$12,000, cost of furniture \$7,000. Like "The Tacoma" at the head of navigation on the Sound, "The Sehome" is becoming as noted as the town which name it bears. It is in plain sight of Whatcom and about a mile from that city.

JONES & CARLYON.

When two young, energetic men drift into the real estate business in a town that has a future before it, there is bound to be something done in the development of that town. The firm of Jones & Carlyon is to Sehome what Crawford & Conover are to Seattle or Allen C. Mason to Tacoma. Reginald Jones and Edward F. G. Carlyon are both natives of England and both graduates of Cambridge University. The former is but thirty-two years of age. Messrs Jones & Carlyon are lawyers by profession. Mr. Jones was formerly the local counsel at Vancouver of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, the Bank of British Columbia and other large institutions. The firm represents solely on Bellingham Bay the British Insurance Company and the German American Insurance Company, and has elegant offices on the corner of Elk and Holly Streets, the two main thoroughfares of Sehome. During the year they have been engaged in business, property has gone up from fifteen dollars to \$100 a front foot and residence lots near the town from \$130 to \$500. The firm holds powers of attorney for hundreds of people who have invested in Sehome real estate and is doing a lucrative business in residence, business and acre property. Investors coming to Sehome rarely go away without visiting Jones & Carlyon. Their office is well equipped with all the minute details of the "lay of the land" in and around Bellingham Bay, the increase in values, the exact location of desirable property and any information relative to the wonderfully rich valleys between Bellingham Bay and the British boundary and Fraser River. Both gentlemen are connected with all the efforts put forth to bring Sehome to the front as the leading city of the bay including directorships in the Grand Central Hotel Company, which has for its object the construction of a magnificent Hotel at the corner of Holly and Forest Streets, the highest point in the business part of the town and commanding a fine view of the bay. "How did you get into the real estate business?" was asked of Mr. Jones. His reply was "I was working hard at my profession in Vancouver and saw men making thousands all around me in real estate business while I was making hundreds, so I determined to go into the same business. My partner

and myself both adopted citizens hit upon Sehome, the terminus of the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad as the place where the business would be done on Bellingham Bay. We commended operations here last August and have not regretted it."

H. E. WAITY.

Mr. Waity, one of the leading real estate dealers of Sehome, is a native of Illinois. When he came to Sehome eighteen months ago, he says he was the only real estate dealer located on the Sehome side of the bay. Mr. Waity has seen Sehome grow in importance in a few months and has implicit faith in its great future. He says, "eighteen months ago there were but few buildings here and most of them were nailed up. There were not 100 inhabitants in Sehome on the first of May one year ago. Streets are now nicely laid out, residence property is in big demand, people are living in tents and shacks all over the city and in many parts of the county and many have been forced to go away to find places to live in. Stores and business houses are going up as fast as possible. I have seen business property advance from forty to \$100 a front foot since I have been here."

ORTHOGRAPHY.

Marier! Here's a letter kum
From my ol' friend Kris Barr;
P'raps yew think it soun's more plum
To call 'im Kristofer.
Heze bort a farm out west, an' here
He fills this letter chok
With nuz or what he razed last year,
An' tidn's 'bout his stock.
But what gits me in this, ol' gal,
Iz how the critter spells,
Kris allers wuz original,
But sizzers! How it tells
Agin a kollege chap ter reed
The way he duns upset
The parts o' speech! It puts ter seed
My spellin' ettyket.

I ain't at spellin' wat the French
'Ud kall ofay, but, Sis,
I kalkerlate I never rentch
The alferbet like this—
Jus' lissen—here he's got a wurd
'Bout what hez had ter pay
For ginny-hens, an' spells the burd
"G-u-l-n-e-a-l!"

Git out! That burd'yawp frum now
Till Kingdom kum ter heer
Its name spelt thataway; but how
Duz this style fit yer ear?
Hiz gote is spelt "g-o-a-t,"
Hiz kow with a "c," I swar,
Hn' heffer—wall, that jist gits me—
"H-e-l-f-e-r."

Now ain't thet fer a kollege man
The wust yew ever heer?
But dog my cats! I hain't begun
Ter fish out all the kweer,
Dad fetched all-fired orthogery
Thet's here—Marier, say!
What sort of peekok's spelt with "P-
E-a-c-o-c-k?"

An' now heze murkst his garden weeds;
His kaller's spelt with C-
A-l-l-a; "his murtel reeds
"M-y-r-l-e."
Thet's orfel, ain't it? Wall, jist wait;
Here's one that t'others recks—
His foks—like's bloomin' at ar gate—
"Iz "p-h-l-o-x."

Great Seezar! Every step he takes
He's gettin' wusser. My!
A spellin' bee hiz hunny makes
Its "h-o-n-e-y."
An' laudy Moses! Marcy me!
Heze chuckt the books away;
Hiz rooter beggar's "r-u-t-
T-e-b-a-g-a-l!"

Thar, thar, Marier! Ef it churns
Yer laugh ter that ekstant
I'll stop; but 'fore the thing ajurns
This invite he hez sent
He wants us thar on Krismus day,
Ter feest on fezent pl;
His fezart starts "p-h-e-a,"
His Kris "C-h-r-i."

Thet jist g'ives me a pinter: Ile
Return his compliments,
By antserin' in thet same stile
An' spellin' 'thout no sents,
An, when the envelope I 'dress,
For Kristofer, I swar,
He rite it "C-h-r-i-a-
T-o-p-h-e-r."

HUNTING OUTLAWS IN ARKANSAS.

For the first three years of my connection with a Western detective agency I was known to the employees of the agency, when known at all, as "the outlaw man." Not that I had ever been an outlaw myself, but because I was assigned to the duty of hunting down outlaws and no one else. It is a line of work still in existence with several agencies, but it is one in which few men care to engage, no matter what the salary. It is all right when you are hunting the outlaw, but vastly different when he turns and hunts you. Had I fully understood what would be required of me, I would not have engaged in the work for any salary the agency could have named, but, once engaged, pride and circumstances kept me bound to the work until imperatively obliged to relinquish it.

For two years previous to my start, a man known as Bill Gibbs had been outlawed in Arkansas. He was a robber and murderer, had a price set upon his head, and had taken refuge in the Boston Mountains, and from his lair defied all authority of law. He was a terror to a large district, and the plan to get rid of him was discussed and arranged like an ordinary business transaction.

"What sum in cash will your agency take to hunt down and kill Bill Gibbs?" was the query.

"We will do it for—dollars."

"All right; go ahead."

When the preliminaries had been arranged with the committee I was called in for orders.

"You will proceed to Huntsville, Arkansas, and from thence locate Gibbs. Do not attempt to take him prisoner. The whole State wants him killed. Take your time and make your own plans, but do not return until you have disposed of him."

Inside of five days I was in Huntsville, but I tramped over the country between that town and the base of the range for a week before I secured any definite information regarding Gibbs. Every farmer knew him, and almost every one paid him tribute but such was the fear of his vengeance that only an occasional person dared admit having seen him. The outlaw was entirely alone, and he had been left unmolested so long that the advantage would be on my side. He was described to me as a man of forty, very powerful and vindictive, and of natural blood-thirsty disposition. When he came down out of the mountains he was sure to do some devilish thing, although unprovoked and among people ready to befriend him. I found several negroes who had had an ear slashed off by him, and half a dozen white men who had been shot at or otherwise intimidated. It was over two weeks before I got any information of direct value. I then stumbled upon a negro squatter to the southeast of Huntsville and near the foothills, who panned out at a lively rate. I encountered him on a trail in the woods, and had him covered with my rifle before he knew of my presence. By threatening and coaxing and bribing I induced him to yield up the information I was after. He was then three miles from his cabin and on his way to Huntsville to procure supplies for Gibbs. He had a bundle of coon and fox skins, which he was to exchange for coffee, crackers, powder, and lead. He had been a compulsory agent for a year, and such was his fear of the outlaw that when I brought the muzzle of my cocked rifle down to within a foot of his breast and threatened to fire he wailed out:

"You kin dun kill me, mar's white man, but I'ze afraid of Mar's Gibbs jist de same!"

Gibbs was to wait at the negro cabin until the owner's return. I ordered him to go forward and say nothing to any living soul about meeting me, and when he had disappeared I started for the cabin. I had no idea that the outlaw would remain in the hut or close to it. While he probably trusted the negro as much as he trusted any human being, his outlaw life would render him suspicious of everybody, and he would take no chances. I reasoned that he would quit the cabin as soon as he had obtained a bite to eat, some point from which he could command a view.

Therefore when within a mile of the spot, I made a circuit to the right and came out a mile or more to the south of the little clearing. I found that a ravine led down from the mountain in the direction of the cabin, and after an hour's search up and down. I discovered evidences that some one had traversed it but recently. Weeds were broken down, stones displaced, and at a certain moist spot I found plain footprints. The outlaw had come down from his lair by this gloomy trail, and he would doubtless return by it.

I met the negro about nine o'clock in the morning. He would have time to do his trading and return by four or five in the afternoon. Gibbs might go off on an expedition after receiving his supplies, but the chances were that he would at once return to his lair. I followed the ravine back to a point where it narrowed to a width of six or eight feet and where the path was in semi-darkness even at high noon, and there I prepared my trap. Had I met him face to face I could have shot him, but I could not lie in ambush and do it, outlaw though he was. It was too much like murder. Inside of an hour I had my rifle set as a spring gun, to be discharged as the man's legs pressed a small cord running across the path, and then I retired to a thick clump of pines about forty rods away, and went into camp to await results. If my action seems cold-blooded let the reader condemn. I had in my pocket a list of five men whom Gibbs had killed in cold blood, and the names of a dozen whom he had slashed and maimed out of pure malignity.

While I was arranging the gun, two land-lookers were approaching the cabin. They were strangers to the neighborhood and unarmed. Gibbs was just leaving the cabin to go into hiding, and although the men neither displayed weapons nor called upon him to halt, he fired upon them with a revolver, wounding one in the shoulder and the other in the side. He then started up the ravine, and I had not been ten minutes in hiding before I heard the spring gun discharged. I waited a few minutes and then carefully approached the spot, and it was to find Gibbs dead across the string. He had been instantly killed by the bullet. When we came to get the body out to have it identified we found the facial expression to be as savage as that of an enraged tiger. He had been living the life of a wild beast until he resembled one. His nails were like talons, his flesh covered with hair, and he had the odor of a caged panther.

My second adventure with an outlaw lasted much longer. A half breed Choctaw named John Flint, who was a resident of Doaksville, Indian Territory, and who had killed several men in the year after the close of the war, was run out of the neighborhood by a vigilance committee, and he took up his lair in the mountain spur to the south, and swore that he would never be taken alive nor make friends with a human being. He was represented as a quick shot, a fighter to the death and a man of such vigilance that he could not be surprised. He was outlawed and a price set upon his head, but it was hoped he might be taken alive and hanged. Our agency was offered \$1,000 more to capture him alive than to furnish proofs of his death, but it was at the same time admitted that over a dozen men had spent weeks in vain in trying to either kill or capture him. Three of the number had been killed while pursuing the enterprise. The outlook for me was therefore very dubious, but I determined to see what could be done.

As is the case with every outlaw, Flint had his friends and admirers in the country about him. I reached Doaksville to learn that he was around with a Winchester and two revolvers, and that people for twenty miles around were intimidated by him. He levied toll on the farmers with a high hand, obliging one to furnish meat, another flour, a third cartridges, and such was the terror his presence inspired that no one dared betray him, though all yearned to hear of his death or capture. He was put on his guard against me on my arrival, and he sent me word that if I did not at once leave the country he would have my life. When I finally got ready to begin my hunt

for him, he was hunting me as well. When I had secured such particulars as I desired, I bundled up what necessity demanded and cut loose from civilization. That is, I headed for the mountain, determined to pursue the man day and night until I had run him down. It was no use to plan to catch him about any of the farm houses, as he knew that I was after him, and he would, as a measure of prudence, forsake his old haunts for the time being. It seemed to me the best way to hunt for his lair and have it out with him on his own ground.

For the first three days I got neither track nor trace of Flint. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, as the mountain was thickly covered with verdure, and split up with many ravines and gulches. Nobody had ever found his hiding place, but from some remarks dropped once when he had liquor in him it was supposed to be a cave in the rocks, and to be approached only with the greatest difficulty. If I met him abroad it would be entirely by accident, so I carefully avoided crossing any bare places where he might espy me from his lookout. About mid-forenoon on the fourth day I came across a snare set for rabbits by some human hands. An investigation proved that it had been in use for some time, and had held several victims, although empty at this time. This must be the work of the outlaw, since his presence on the mountain had driven all hunters away. Two hours later and a mile away I discovered a snare from which a partridge had lately been taken. I felt that I was in the neighborhood of the outlaw's den, but I had to move slowly and exercise the greatest vigilance. I built my fires in ravines and with the least possible smoke, and whenever night came down I crept under the pines and rolled myself in a blanket. On the fifth and sixth days I did not cover over two miles of ground, and most of that distance was covered on hands and knees.

On the evening of the sixth day I had to descend the mountain to renew my provisions at a farm house, and what was my chagrin to learn from a negro that Flint had visited the place for the same purpose only the night before. He gave me the direction taken by the outlaw, but when I reached the base of the mountain I could go no further in the darkness and had to camp down. I was astir at daylight and at once made my way to the crest of the big hill, believing that Flint, having supplied himself with provisions, would lie quiet for two or three days. Whether he did or did not, I hunted for him another week without finding further trace than a third snare he had set for game. On the thirteenth day my hunt came to an end in a singular manner. I was following up a dry ravine, so full of bushes and loose rocks that I had to creep most of the time, and I was resting under some very thick bushes when I heard a movement on the bank above. It might have been caused by a deer or bear, but I felt pretty certain that it was a man. He was on the bank of the ravine directly over my head, and after a minute or two I heard the squeal of a rabbit. It was Flint, then, and he was taking the game from a snare. We could not see each other, but he had the advantage in being above me. The bank was too steep to climb, and I was just turning to creep back to a spot where I could ascend, when there was a sort of crash above me, a suppressed shout of alarm, and next instant earth, rocks, and bushes were falling all about me. I sprang up and as I did so the spread-eagle form of man struck the bushes at my right and broke through them with a great crash. I made a leap to get out of the way, but the body had scarcely come to a stop before I was at hand. It was the outlaw, as I saw at a glance. The fall had stunned him. While he still clutched the rabbit in his right hand his left arm was broken. I lost no time in securing and disarming him, and when he roused up, five minutes later, he had no show. He took it out in cursing, however, and of all the blood-curdling oaths I ever heard a man use his capped the climax. I got him about noon, and before night I had him down the mountain and delivered up to legal authority. He resisted me vigorously for the first hour, declaring that he

would die before he would accompany me, but after I had used a stout switch on him several times, and given him to understand that he would be dragged if he refused to walk, he was more tractable. He was turned over to the United States authorities, arraigned on six or seven charges of murder, but convicted and hung on the first. I was not present when he was swung off, but in his speech from the scaffold he cursed me high and low and left it as his dying request that his friends would not rest until they had taken my life.

VALUE OF RED RIVER VALLEY LANDS.

How much can be paid on Red River Valley lands and receive a fair amount of interest on the investment? It has been demonstrated that the cost of an acre of wheat from seed time to harvest is not to exceed eight dollars per acre. Ten dollars is a small estimate of the average yield and price from one acre. Two dollars then would represent the net profit, which is ten per cent. on an investment of \$20 per acre. Or to put it in another form, a person can afford to pay \$20 per acre for land which will produce sixteen bushels to the acre and sell for sixty-two cents per bushel, because he will at this price, be paid for all his seed and labor and ten per cent. on the value of his land.

To-day, this same land, much of which averages much better crops than the figures mentioned, is selling at from three to ten dollars per acre, in fact we do not remember of a single sale to exceed the latter figure when allowance is made for improvements. The reason of this low valuation is, that the owners have but little money investment in their holdings, as it came to them free from the government. Again there is considerable more of this free land not very far away; and third, a large amount of lands has gone into the hands of mortgage companies, at low rates, being given up by parties who only took up land to get a loan and used the money to set themselves up in other business, or else took other rights further west, and used the loan as capital to build on and stock the new farm with.

These conditions of cheap lands are rapidly disappearing. Government land is getting scarcer, poorer and farther away; the land here is already too valuable to let go for a two or three hundred dollar mortgage. The mortgage companies are selling their foreclosed lands at good profit, but still at low rates. Low lands that once stood at nominal prices are being bought up for hay which the increasing amount of stock and the increasing acreage of cultivated lands is making scarce. Besides this the natural increase of population, the multiplication of highways, ditches, towns, schools, churches, elevators and railroads are having their effect, so that during the last two seasons lands that before could hardly be given away are being bought up and farmed.

The moral of these desultory remarks is two-fold: That the Red River farm lands are a good thing to buy and a good thing to have and hold at present prices because they must advance rapidly in the near future.

—Pembina Pioneer Express.

MONTANA OPINION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The Northern is a great transcontinental road in itself and has a great future. It has five acres of good grain lands along its lines where the Central has two and the Southern one. Its passenger travel during the past two years has been just a trifle short of marvellous. It has carried an average of twenty-six first-class passengers per day and from 201 to 240 immigrants going west. Its eastward runs have not been so large, of course, but large enough to pay all current expenses.

The Northern Pacific is a portion of the great highway of pleasure for tourists between the great East and the wonderland of Alaska. It taps the rich grain fields of Kittitas and the great hop gardens of Puyallup and Yakima, whose hops sell at two cents per pound more than those of California. It is the great

common carrier of the vast grazing pastures of Montana and Northern Idaho as well as of the vast wheat farms of North Dakota. It is the only road running into the National Park in the Yellowstone Valley. It brings the fisheries of Puget Sound and Columbia Valley in direct communication with the markets of the Mississippi Valley States and has opened up a market at the East for the lumber products of Oregon and Washington.

Prior to its advent, the great mineral resources of Montana languished for the want of capital to develop them. Now there is abundance of capital for all such purposes. The rate of interest has perceptibly declined since then and a general degree of prosperity pervades the entire country. No matter how many more railway lines may traverse Montana in the future, the Northern Pacific will always be remembered as the one which was the first to open its resources up to the gaze of the outer world and bring in the requisite capital to develop its latent wealth. We have no fears of its future.—*Helena Journal*.

INHERITANCE FOR THE WORTHY.

Probably ninety per cent. of the rich and productive acres of the two Dakotas are yet in a state of nature. The impetus that the cultivation of this land will give to the Northwest can scarcely be conceived. There are homes awaiting a million practical farmers in the Dakotas. The land is rich, free from stone, and is ready for the gang plows. There are farms that can be bought and owned for but a trifle more than is paid per acre for a year's rent in some of the States in the East. The land is suitable for diversified farming or for stock-raising. As soon as it is under cultivation cities and towns will spring up, more railroads will be built and the tide of immigration will continue to increase.

Minnesota and Dakota are pre-eminently the States for young men with a little capital, but it is not impossible to succeed even if the only capital possessed is indomitable pluck and enterprise. Proof of this statement is found in the testimony of Mr. Andrew Ballweg, of Bath, Brown County, Dakota, who writes to the Dakota Immigration Record as follows:

On May 17, 1881, I crossed the James River with \$30 in money—all the money I had. On the 18th I went to Columbia, filed on land, paid \$17 50, which left me \$12 50. I worked till June 27th, paid some money for breaking and put up a sod house, not putting on a roof as there was no lumber to be had at that time. I went back to Wisconsin with \$30—that is \$10 more than when I left Wisconsin, and had a farm of 177 acres of land. I found my family sick and had to wait till October. I landed at Bath, October 30, with \$35 in money and family of six. In 1882 I had one acre of wheat on sod. I got thirty bushels. I had more land broken and in 1883 bought a yoke of oxen on time. I put in a crop and got 400 bushels of wheat. In 1884 I bought a span of mules and some farming tools and got 800 bushels of wheat. In 1885 bought one more horse and got 1,750 bushels of wheat. In '86 bought three more horses and broke more land and got 1,900 bushels of wheat, 400 bushels of corn and 150 bushels of flax. In '87 I got 2,000 bushels of wheat, 1,150 bushels of oats, 335 bushels of barley and 400 bushels of corn. In '88 I got 2,002 bushels of wheat, 800 bushels of corn, 350 bushels of barley and 300 bushels of oats, and my land is not all broken. I have twelve acres of pasture, nineteen acres hay land, five acres trees and six acres timothy, a good house and granary, six horses, five cows, and I sold \$100 worth of pork last fall.

Farm is now worth.....	\$4,000
Horses.....	800
Cows and other stock.....	200
Farming implements, wagons and carriages.....	400

Total.....\$5,400

Such statements as the above are worth hundreds of columns of fine writing based upon theories and probabilities rather than facts. It has been demonstrated not for one season but for a series of years that a poor man can make a home and a fortune upon Northwestern government lands, but a man of moderate means can accumulate a competency more quickly, more easily and with less hardship.

It is to the interest of every man, woman and child in the Northwest that the magnificent inheritance of

land offered by the government shall fall into the hands of worthy and loyal American citizens who will appreciate the legacy and make the best possible use of their opportunities.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

Eve, one morning fine and bright,
Was watering her flowers by the light
Of "Old Sol" as he rose from his ocean bed,
When what should she see, with fear and dread,
But the Devil, under a serpent's form,
Crawling about in the sunlight warm,
In her favorite cabbage bed.

"Get out! you varmint," quick she cried,
And fell at him her trowel shied.
But Lucifer laughed and said, "Good woman,
Dear Madam Eve; I'm full of sorrow
To think I should never have told you that
These apples up here as big as a hat
Are regular 'Newtown Pippins'."

"But," Eve replied, in tones of dread,
"God said if we ate 'em he'd strike us dead."
"Ha! ha!" laughed Satan, "all nonsense! here
Is one I've peeled, just try it, my dear."
So Eve took a bite, and finding it nice,
Surrounded the apple in a trice—
Then asked his snakeship to peel some more.

Having eaten her fill, she thought, kind madam,
She would take a dozen or so to Adam;
So she filled a basket with some of the best,
And of her "worst half" was going in quest,
When whom should she meet, driving four-in-hand,
But Adam cutting a swell in the land,
And she jumped in the dog-cart beside him.

"Oh! Adam, my love," soon remarked his mate,
"A more delicious fruit I never ate
Than these apples from the forbidden tree,
And I want you to eat some—just to please me."
So Adam, though he valued his life,
Was unable to cross his darling wife
And got outside of a dozen.

They then left the carriage and, under the trees,
Sat down to enjoy themselves at ease.
They finished the apples down to the core,
When Beelzebub wanted to peel some more;
But Adam thought they had had enough,
So you see, the old boy, was "up to snuff"
And didn't want to get cholera morbus.

"Au revoir," said Old Nick, and took himself off,
When Adam remarked with a gentle cough,
"My life, my soul, perhaps you're aware,
If invited out, we've 'nothing to wear.'"
At the truth, conveyed by such subtle hint,
Eve's fair face rivalled the sunset's tint,
And she wished for a tailor-made suit.

"There's no use crying for spilt milk;"
So as they'd neither cotton nor silk,
From the leaves of the fig tree, clean and bright,
They soon constructed some garments slight,
Which they donned with all conceivable haste,
And voted the Devil a man of taste,
As the author of dress reform.

About this time—'twas the afternoon—
The Lord was expected very soon,
To make his customary rounds,
And see that all was O. K. in the grounds:
Our great progenitor, under a tree,
Was musing on mutability
When he saw his Creator enter.

"Adam, where art thou?" remarked the Lord
In a voice that cut like a two-edged sword.
"I hain't eat no apples," Adam replied,
For his conscience smote him, and, so, he lied:
"Then," said the Lord, in tones of wrath,
"What means them chawin's out in the path?"
Eve sighed and adjusted her bustle.

Then Adam pleaded the baby act,
Jim-jams, accessory after the fact;
Turned State's evidence, tried to lie,
Wanted to prove an alibi;
Told how he was tempted, told it well;
But the Lord only tolled his chestnut bell,
And found for the plaintiff—with costs.

W. E. P. FRENCH.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, is credited with saying that Chicago will some day be the largest city in the United States, and then in turn will be eclipsed by Duluth. He says that it is as certain that Duluth will rob Chicago of its glory as that New York absorbed the commercial prestige of Boston.

FAIRHAVEN,

—ON—

Bellingham Bay.

—*—*—*

FAIRHAVEN

Is destined to be a great **Manufacturing and Commercial Center**, because it has:

The finest harbor on the Pacific Coast;
The greatest area of adjacent agricultural land;
The most magnificent forests of timber in the world;
The finest natural town site and water front;
Immense vein of the best coal in the west;
Mountains of first-class iron ore;
Quarries of blue sand stone for building purposes;
Lime in immense quantities;

The terminus of the Fairhaven & Southern Railroad, the best equipped line on the coast, now being built to the north, south and east, will make Fairhaven the terminus of three transcontinental railroads, and the nearest great port to the Straits of Fuca and the sea, nearer by water to San Francisco than any of the large cities of Puget Sound, and 600 miles nearer to Japan or China than San Francisco.

In fact, Fairhaven has all the resources required to build up a great city and give employment to a large population.

The Fairhaven Land Company, owners of the townsite of Fairhaven, offer for sale Business and Residence Property at prices which will insure buyers large profits.

Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

THE FAIRHAVEN LAND COMPANY,
Fairhaven, Wash.



North Dakota.

THE growth of Dakota has been something phenomenal and a little ahead of even Nineteenth Century progress. Twenty years ago there were probably not twenty people in Cass County. The land had no value. To-day the assessed valuation of the county is more than \$10,000,000 and the real valuation much more. Is it true that the farmers of this great rich country are worse off—poorer than when they came here? And yet this absurd statement is persistently made by some agitators who claim to be great reformers.—*Cassellon Republican*.

Montana.

LOCATED ON A FOUNDATION OF PRECIOUS METALS.—Butte not only has the distinction of being the world's greatest silver camp, but can also claim the honor of being the only city in the universe likened unto the Eternal City of sacred history, whose streets are described as being paved with precious metals, etc. The location of Butte is undoubtedly on a great mountain of ore, and almost daily something new is developed to illustrate the fact that the city rests on a foundation of precious metals. It seems almost impossible to excavate anywhere in the streets of that city without encountering veins of mineral. Last week, while workmen were laying water pipes in one of the principal streets, they made a strike of 100-ounce free-milling silver rock, the pay-streak of which widened from four to ten inches in a few feet of depth. Another find was also made on Main street in making sewer explorations, a small vein of good silver ore being discovered.—*Montana Mining Review*.

GROWTH OF MISSOULA.—Missoula has lost none of her claims to being the prettiest town in all Montana and during the past year she has been one of the busiest as well as signs of growth are met on every hand. At the corner of Main and Higgins Avenue Capt. Higgins has nearing completion an elegant three story structure trimmed in gray granite, which he has designed for his new "Western Bank of Montana" at a cost of \$75,000. On the opposite corner the firm of Wolf & Ryman have a similar building to be occupied by their banking establishment and at the corner of Higgins Avenue and Front Street the First National Bank are putting in the foundations for their new building, while just below on Front, are three other blocks which the busy trowel and hammer will soon complete. The Slater's Hospital, the new jail at a cost of \$30,000, the three new churches, and almost countless new neat homes are unmistakable signs of prosperity. The Florence Hotel, opened last year is really first-class and from the fact that there have been few days since the opening but it has been fully occupied, is evidence the people appreciate it. One good thing always attracts others and I hear from reliable authority that Higgins Avenue will soon boast another fine hostelry while a new "Rodgers House" will rear its head on Main Street. Is this not a good record for a town content without a boom and modestly laying claim to what she evidently has, only 3,000 people? E. O. C.

Oregon.

AN ELMER (Ore.) paper publishes the following remarkable story: "E. C. Stamper, a citizen of Elmer, has just completed working up a fir tree which grew on his place adjoining town. He received \$12 for the bark; built a frame house 14x20, 8 feet high, with shed kitchen 8 feet wide and 20 feet long; built a wood shed 14x20 feet; made 330 fence rails 10 feet long; made 334 railroad ties and 500 boards 6 inches wide and 2 feet long, and fifteen cords of wood, 4 feet long and 8 feet high, all from one tree, and has part of the tree left."

Washington.

It is estimated that 125,000,000 feet of lumber will be required for the local demand at Seattle this season.

SPOKANE FALLS has her new system of water works completed, giving them a capacity of 9,000,000 gallons of water per day.

THE North Pacific Consolidated Shingle Company, of Tacoma, recently consigned to Ohio points a special train loaded with 3,000,000 cedar shingles.

THE building of the Puget Sound and Chehalis railroad is now assured. The required capital has been raised and work will begin in thirty days. The road will extend from Olympia to some point on Gray's Harbor, via. Elma

and Montesano. Five miles of the road running west from the head of Mud Bay are already complete and in working order.

THE advertising columns of the Washington and Oregon papers show that a great deal of timber land is being taken up by Michigan and Minnesota men.

It is estimated that Pierce county will produce not less than 15,000 bales of hops this season. The crop throughout the Sound country promises to be one-third larger than last year.

THE Spokane & Northern Railroad will be opened to Colville by October 1st. Colville, which consisted of half a dozen buildings three years ago, is now a smart town of nearly 1,000 inhabitants.

CHENEY is rising phoenix-like from the ashes. The business street has been widened and substantial brick structures are taking the place of frame buildings. The Cheney city council has granted to W. R. Andrus and associates a franchise for a reservoir system of water works, which will cost \$40,000 and furnish 300,000 gallons daily.

THE Spokane & Northern Railroad is going forward with remarkable rapidity. Two energetic men have it in charge—D. C. Corbin, who looks after the finances, and J. M. Buckley, who is doing the construction work. Track laying has begun and locomotives and flat cars belonging to the new company have arrived from the East and are already in service. It is expected that the line will be opened for traffic to Colville before the first of October. The distance from Spokane Falls is about eighty miles.

WASHINGTON SHINGLES.—The Helena, Montana, *Journal* says, upon the authority of a Portland dealer, that the cedar shingles of Washington Territory have "taken the country" in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. They cannot fill the orders fast enough. Oregon fir lumber they have sold in Chicago at a fair rate of profit, notwithstanding the great competition of the Canadian sawmills. The market for our lumber in the Eastern States is capable of great expansions, and the railroads will soon be burdened with this class of freight.

THE REBUILDING OF ELLENSBURGH.—The *Oregonian* publishes a list of forty-three brick blocks and the names of those who will build in Ellensburg this year. The list has been carefully prepared and is very nearly correct, and the estimated cost of these buildings is placed at over \$600,000. The record is absolutely wonderful and without a parallel in the history of any city. Never before in the history of burned out cities has such a combination of grit, perseverance and energy been displayed, and it is safe to predict that in one year from today no city on the Pacific Coast can point with greater pride to the development of twelve months than can Ellensburg.

QUICKSILVER MINES DISCOVERED.—From Mr. W. D. Messacher, who lives up in the Simcoe hills, about eighteen miles north of Goldendale, we learn that a few days ago a Mrs. Livingstone, who lives neighbor to him, was cleaning out a little spring with a view to prepare a place to keep her butter, when she discovered in the bottom of the spring quite a quantity of pure quicksilver. Mr. John Kurtz claims to be familiar with the quicksilver in its crude state, and from Mr. Mesacher's report he is of the opinion that a valuable mine has been discovered. The ore or cinnabar in which the mercury exists has of course been burned, probably through the action of timber fires, and a congelation taken place wherein the pure quicksilver has found its way to the spring. A party will go out as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, and a thorough examination and test made.—*Goldendale Sentinel*.

TACOMA'S BANKING CAPITAL.—The *News* has on more than one occasion remarked that Tacoma is the financial center of the Territory and in reality of the northwestern coast. We have more banks and banking capital here than in any two other Territorial cities. The money center is always assured a rapid and prosperous growth. Other conditions being equal, the manufacturing and business centers will be found in close proximity to the financial center. Tacoma offers every inducement that could be demanded. She possesses superior advantages in the matter of railroad facilities over any other point on the coast north of San Francisco, and backed by vast resources San Francisco cannot claim, it is no wonder that banks are multiplying and banking capital increasing with marvelous rapidity. Where the money is to be found in the largest volume, there will the business be. Bankers are proverbially conservative, and there is no danger of the business being overdone in that line. The fact is, the banking capital of this city could be doubled and even trebled and every dollar find remunerative employment in safe and legitimate enterprises.—*Tacoma News*.

Alaska.

ALASKA COAL BEDS.—For about 200 miles on the east shore of Cook's Inlet an immense coal bed exists, which will furnish coal for the whole United States. There are three veins, varying in thickness from four to eight feet. The first vein is struck at a depth of about thirty feet from the surface, the covering being a blue clay. The coal veins are separated by a strata of fire-clay and sandstone, the fire-clay being about four or five feet in thickness and said to be of good quality. It has been used by the canneries in place of fire-brick, and found to answer the purpose and meet all requirement. The east side of Cook's Inlet is a low, flat country, the mountains being from thirty to ninety miles from the beach, the highest elevation being 200 feet above the sea level, thus making the coal mines easy of access. There is a tunnel 160 feet long on one of the veins at Coal Harbor, where the Russians have been mining for years and government vessels have also obtained fuel from there. Several ship-loads were sent down from this place last year and five more will be sent this year in order to make a thorough test of its quality. A company has been organized at San Francisco by John Treadwell for the purpose of working these mines and work was commenced there last summer. A railroad of three miles will land the coal from the mines to wharves where ships of any size can be floated. The bay is very shallow, and it is necessary to run out a long distance in order to obtain water to float large vessels. Coal Harbor is a huge and perfectly safe bay for vessels of any size, being land-locked on all sides and safe from storms from any direction. The discovery of these coal beds, if they turn out to be as good as they are now thought to be, is one of the greatest discoveries yet made in Alaska.—*Alaska Free Press*.

HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT SPOKANE?

How does the water come down at Spokane?
Rearing its forehead and shaking its locks,
Storming at islands and raging at rocks,
Leaping in air like a lion at play,
Glimmering in rainbows and shimmering in spray;
As green as the emerald prairies in June,
As white as a storm-cloud in sunlight of noon,
Now darkening in shadow, as black as despair,
Now dimpling in mirth through the sun-smitten air;
Since first the mad race of the torrent began,
That's how the water comes down at Spokane.

How does the water come down at Spokane?
Like a savage in bondage who strives with his chain,
Like a captive who raves at his shackles in vain,
Roaring to heaven his useless complaint,
Lashed into foam by his fetters' restraint,
A Sampson in manacles, tortured and blind,
Snared by the cunning of masterful mind,
Hissing his wrath at the harness he feels,
Sullenly toiling at engines and wheels,
Driven to dungeons unknown to the light,
Feeding the torch of his tyrant by night,
And dragging the car of his conqueror, man,
That's how the water comes down at Spokane.

How does the water come down at Spokane?
With the shock of the surf on a rock-breasted shore,
With the shout of the forest when hurricanes roar,
With a shivering of earth, and a quivering of air,
As when the dread earthquake comes forth from his lair,
Shaking the silence in moonlight May,
Waking the echoes in midwinter day,
Like the flight of the years; like eternity's roll,
Like the restless and limitless life of a soul,
Since the day when God spoke and the bright river ran,
That's how the water comes down at Spokane.

E. BARNARD FOOTE.

Rapid Transit in Matrimony.

There is said to be in Milwaukee a champion marrying Justice. There is nobody to equal the neatness and dispatch with which he ties the knot. This is the way he does it:

"Have her?"
"Yes."
"Have him?"
"Yes."
"Married; two dollars."

St. Peter Was Onto Her.

"May I come in, St. Peter?"
"And who are you?"
"My name is Patti—Adelina. And so forth Patti."
"Are you ready to come in—an' stay?"
"Quite sure."
"But we give no return tickets in case you should wish to go out for a while."
"But I shall not wish to go out. Why should I wish to do so?"
"Well, I didn't know but what you might want to drop down to earth again for another farewell tour."

THE
BELLINGHAM BAY NATIONAL BANK,

—OF—

Sehome, Washington.

CAPITAL, : : : \$60,000.

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Correspondence solicited.

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list before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that we have a **Larger,**
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center for all points in Northwestern Washington.

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LARGE PROFITS, BUY DULUTH REAL ESTATE.

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property is cheap. We have a very large and selected
list of Dock Property, Cheap Acre Property and Acres
suitable for immediate Platting, and improved and un-
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For particulars call on or write
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Have for sale a large list of FARMING LANDS, both with and
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LANDS. Loan money for Eastern parties on first-class farm
land security, for from one to five years' time.

Fifteen Years' Residence.

First National Bank of Whatcom,

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Capital, \$50,000.

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WHATCOM is the county-seat of Whatcom County, and
is the commercial and collection center for all points in
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**Commercial National Bank,
OF PORTLAND, OREGON.**

Capital \$250,000. Surplus \$50,000.

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Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfer sold
on New York, Boston, Chicago, Omaha, St. Paul, San Fran-
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Special rates on Eastern Exchange to new-comers.
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York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha,
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NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME TO INVEST.

We have now listed for sale, in addition to the Northern Pacific Lands, of which we are the local agents, some
of the most desirable residence and business lots in North Yakima, together with farm property and garden tracts.

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LADOGA WHEAT.

A bulletin of the Ottawa Experimental Farm gives an interesting account of the experiments made in various provinces of Canada for the purpose of ascertaining the properties of Ladoga wheat as compared with Red Fife. Ladoga wheat comes from the Ladoga Lake region in Northern Russia where the summer is short. It is claimed for this variety that it ripens early and attains a high degree of hardness and a heavy weight. The experiments have been continued through several seasons, and hence the results may be looked upon as reliable. It is shown that Red Fife is about ten days later in ripening than the Ladoga wheat. According to the *Empire* the average yield from each three pounds of Ladoga sown was as follows: Manitoba 38 pounds, Northwestern Territories 63 pounds, British Columbia 126 pounds, Ontario 44 pounds, Quebec 50 pounds, Nova Scotia 26 pounds, New Brunswick 59 pounds, Prince Edward's Island 46 pounds. In Manitoba the highest weight per bushel was obtained, viz: 65 pounds, the lowest weight was 60 pounds in Nova Scotia. As to quality most experts place the original Ladoga wheat in the grade next below No. 1 hard and the value at some five cents per bushel less than that of the best quality of Red Fife. But it appears that it has adapted itself gradually to the soil and climatic conditions of Canada, approaching, and in some respects surpassing the standard of excellence attained by the famous hard wheat of the Northwest. The bulletin gives the following summary of the conclusions reached by a careful analysis of the experiments:

"The Ladoga wheat has been subjected to a searching criticism, tables of the entire results of its growth have been given, the public have been advised of such defects as have been noted during the progress of the two years' test, and making the most liberal allowance for these defects, it seems not too much to say that the evidence thus far obtained is sufficient to show: That the Ladoga is a productive and variable variety of hard wheat, which has thus far ripened over the whole Dominion ten days earlier on the average than the Red Fife; that the better samples obtained are fully as rich in gluten as the best Red Fife, and while cultivation of the Red Fife should be recommended in every section of the Northwest where it is likely, with early sowing, to escape the autumn frosts, the growth of the Ladoga may be safely encouraged wherever the ripening of the Red Fife is uncertain, without incurring the risk of materially lowering the reputation or general quality of Canadian hard wheat."

Considering the immense area of land in Canada which has been regarded as unsuitable for wheat raising on account of the shortness of the season of growth, the satisfactory results of the tests of Ladoga wheat are of great significance. A saving of ten days in the time from sowing to harvesting will add a handsome belt of land to the wheat producing area, enlarge the possibilities of Canada as a producer of the staple, and eventually make itself felt as a potent factor in the markets of the world.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

WASHINGTON WONDERS.

The immortal mountains of Washington are full of the startling sublimity of grand old nature, and you can feast on scenery day without end. Capt. Cale Reinhart, who has just returned from the wild and wondrous rugged regions southeast from Puyallup, says that near Trout Lake, Killekitat County, one of the best fishing grounds in Washington, is a series of wonderful caves, one of which is known as the Ice cave, from the stalactite-shaped icicles which are there found from one season to another. The entrance is gained by a rustic ladder through a hole about fifteen feet in diameter. Torches are necessary to the explorers, and the lights send forth a sheen from the icicles that makes the cave look like a fairy palace of crystal. The cave is in great chambers, partitioned off in ice, with floors of solid ice, a dome of iced stalactites and solid iced pillars here and there. The cave is too cold to stay in long, even in midsummer, and when the explorers return to the upper world the temperature appears like a furnace. The Ice cave is about twelve miles from Mount Adams.—*Puyallup Commerce*.

Northern Pacific Railroad

LANDS FOR SALE.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

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References: National Bank of Commerce, Traders Bank of Tacoma.

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TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and
The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

Population in 1880, 760.

Population, March, 1889, 22,000 to 25,000.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1888.....	(Tons) 272,529
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1888.....	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1888, over.....	(Feet) 73,000,000
Wheat shipped in 1888.....	(Bushels) 2,528,400
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136
Miles of Railway tributary in 1888.....	2,375
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	30
Banks in 1880.....	1

Banks Jan., 1889.....	6
Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Value of Public School Property.....	\$150,000
Value of Private School Property.....	150,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building improvements in 1888.....	2,148,572
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	263,200
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	506,000
The N. P. R. R. Co. will spend this year (1889) on Terminal Improvements.....	\$1,000,000.

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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and Loans.

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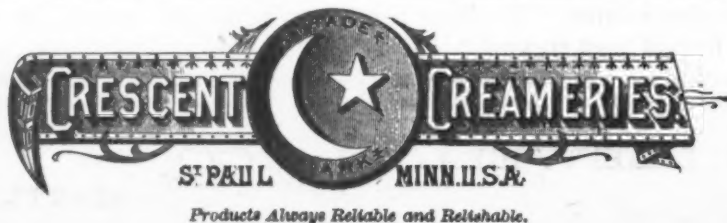
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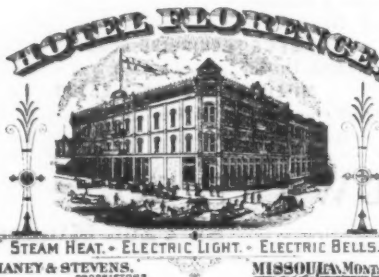
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WESTERN HUMOR.

He Took no Chances.

"Speak out, Mr. Prudence, if you have anything to say."

He—"No, thank you. There's a phonograph hid under the center table, your little brother is under the sofa, the hired girl is listening at the keyhole, and your mother is looking over the transom. The only thing that restrains me is my doubt as to the whereabouts of your father."—*Chicago Mail.*

Speakee Melican Language.

Pat (in laundry)—"Oi soi, Chinamanee! Youee makee me shirtee shifftee, see? Oi wantee thim well donee nice up, allee samee Oirishwoman washee lady, d'ye moind?"

John—"Wot Melican man talk 'bout? I guess he off his chestnut."

Pat—"Be huvins, the haythen kin talk United States as good as Oi ken meself. Soy Chinese, I didn't know ye could shpake American."

John—"If I no speakee the Melican language bettel as you I go smuthel myself. Lats!"

Hotel Life At Duluth.

A gentleman who occasionally visits Duluth was stopping at the St. Louis, and at dinner sat opposite an irascible old man who was constantly fidgeting about and finding fault with the waiters. Both had ordered glasses of milk, but the waiter only brought one, setting it down near the gentleman who tells the story on himself. The elderly party reached for the glass, but the other was too quick for him, and it was only a second before the cup was drained of its contents. Quick as a flash the aged individual threw up his hand, and, beckoning to the waiter, said, "My man, you forgot to bring the pig trough with that milk;" and with a satisfied grunt he got up and left the dining-room.

She Let 'Em See.

"La, yes," said Mrs. Oregonian, complacently, on her return from a trip East, "I tell you I let them New Yorkers know that we know about as much about style out here as the next fellow. We just put up at the Fifth Avynoo in New York and at the Vaundome in Boston, and at both places I wore my red satin decoletty dress down to breakfast every morning, and my solitary diamond year-bobs, and my diamond pin and that big diamond star stuck in my hair, and my pearl and diamond bracelets; and I wore 'em all down every time I went, and I got me a pale-blue satin to wear down to dinner and to set around the parlor in, and I ordered the servants 'round as big as anybody, and set my shoes out in the hall and had 'em blacked ev'ry night. I let 'em see that we knowed what style was. Why, you'd thought I'd been born and raised right there in Boston."—*Helena Journal.*

Favoring a Guest.

"You couldn't give me a suite of two rooms with a bath-room adjoining, could you?" asked a young and esthetic neophyte of a Montana hotel proprietor.

"A what?" asked the dazed Montanian.

"A suite of rooms."

"A which?"

"Why, a suite of rooms—a pahlor and bed-chambah."

"How many is there of you?" asked the dazed landlord.

"No one is with me."

"And you want two hull rooms to yourself, and a bath-room thrown in? Well, if you ain't got the cheek I don't know who has. Here, maw, show this chap up to that little room over the kitchen that ain't got but four beds in it. He wants to be kinder private, he does. And he wants a bath, too, so you give him a sasser of soft soap and the towel after the rest is done with it, and then show him where the pump is. This ain't exactly the Parker House in Boston, but when a gent from the Hub favors me with his comp'ny he gets the best we got, he does."

NOTES

from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the Wisconsin Central has the unqualified endorsement of all;
That the Wisconsin Central has to-day the most popular line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Milwaukee and Chicago;
That the Wisconsin Central is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized Pullman line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Milwaukee and Chicago;
That the Wisconsin Central touches the most prominent points in Wisconsin, and that it has more important business centers on its through line than any other railway in the Northwest;
That the Wisconsin Central has made an enviable reputation with its peerless Dining Car Service;
That the Wisconsin Central runs fast trains on which all classes of passengers are carried with commodious and distinct accommodation for all;
That the Wisconsin Central has representatives distributed throughout the country, who will cheerfully give any information that may be desired and that its terminal Agents are especially instructed to look after the comfort of passengers who may be routed via its line. For detailed information, apply to your nearest Ticket Agent or to representatives of the road.

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3 TRAINS DAILY EACH WAY 3

The "Limited" runs daily and consumes only five hours between the Twin Cities and Duluth, making But Three Stops en-route.

Close Connection made in Union Depot, Duluth, with Trains of the Duluth & Iron Range Railroad.

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CURRENT ANECDOTES.**REMEMBERING THE WAITER.**

Head waiter—"Hope you are not going to forget the waiter sir."

Guest—"No, sir; I'm not going to forget him nor forgive him, either. Why don't you go to work and quit begging? Hang me, if I haven't a half mind to have you arrested for vagrancy."

Head waiter—"But, sir, I have employment, sir; the proprietors of this hotel, sir, are my employers, sir."

Guest—"Then why don't they pay you enough to keep you from begging? Hang me, if I don't have them arrested, too, as accessories before the fact."—*Boston Transcript*.

A POSER FOR THAT AUTHOR.

Editor—"I do not think that we can use your article." Contributor—"Press of other matter and all that twaddle, I suppose?"

"No, but you don't seem to understand what you are writing about?"

"Surely you are mistaken, sir."

"Not much. Here you speak of Mars with his stern front."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it! you blankety blank idiot, can anything have its stern in front."—*Binghamton Republican*.

ONE ON DEPEW.

Chauncey Depew recently told a good one on himself. "When I was travelling in New Haven on an accommodation," said he, "I thought that the whole state of Connecticut had its attention fixed on the fact that I was to make a speech to the law school graduates at Yale. When a farmer got on at a way station, and, after looking at me five minutes asked me if I was not Chauncey Depew. I said to myself: 'Here is an intelligent son of an intelligent State. He is going to hear my speech.' He confirmed my impression by asking: 'Are you going to New Haven?' but when I answered 'Yes' he simply said: 'Base ball game, I suppose?'"—*Chicago Grocer*.

A GREAT SCHEME.

"What was that noise I heard here last night?" asked a man as he entered a saloon.

"Sh-h-h. Don't say a word."

"But what was it? I heard a pistol shot."

"Well, if you won't give it away I will let you into the secret. I fired off the gun. See?"

"Yes."

"And then about a thousand people rushed up to find out what the trouble is. See?"

"Yes, I see."

"And then I sell about five-hundred beers. It's a great scheme."—*Merchant Traveler*.

GOOD MARRYING WEATHER.

A verdant-looking young couple appeared one day at the parsonage of an Eastern minister and the young man awkwardly explained that they wanted to be married. It was raining in torrents, as it had been doing all day. The candidates for marrying had come in an open buggy, sheltered only by a single umbrella, and were so thoroughly drenched that it was necessary for them to dry their garments by the kitchen fire before the minister could proceed with the ceremony. When they reappeared he said:

"It's too bad you have such a rainy day."

"Well," said the bridegroom with the well-marked nasal twang of a rural Yankee, "that's just exactly why we came. You see, it's pourin' so hard we couldn't do nothin' else, so we jest thought that it was a good time to get married. Wouldn't have come if it'd been good plowin' weather."

BELIEVERS IN PRAYER.

Johnny Quinlan, of Evanston, has the most wonderful confidence in the efficacy of prayer, but he thinks that prayer does not succeed unless it is accompanied with considerable physical strength. He believes that all prayer is a good thing, but he doubts the efficacy of juvenile prayer.

He has wanted a Jersey cow for a good while, and tried prayer, but it didn't seem to go to the central office. Last week he went to a neighbor, who is a Christian and a believer in the efficacy of prayer, also the owner of a Jersey cow.

"Do you believe that prayer will bring me a yaller Jersey cow?" said Johnny.

"Why, yes, of course, prayer will remove mountains. It will do anything."

"Well, then, suppose you give me the cow you've got and pray for another one."

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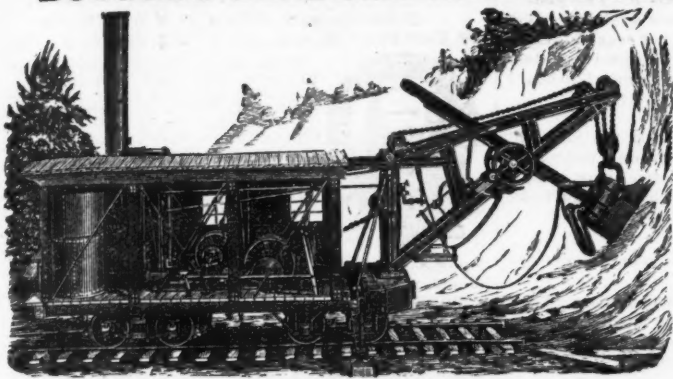
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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

A HORRIBLE SUSPICION.

Mother—"Who is that young man you had in the parlor last night? What does he do?"

Daughter—"His name is Mr. Thompson, mamma. He is a druggist."

Mother—"Oh, a druggist, is he? I knew I smelled paregoric as soon as I entered the room. I was afraid he might be a married man."—*Terre Haute Express.*

HE WASN'T SORDID.

I had been sitting in the shade of a fence corner for a quarter of an hour when a farmer came along with an ox team and invited me to ride with him. I was only fairly seated when he said:

"Sad thing happened back there about six months ago."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; that 'ere blamed off ox shied at a paper in the road and run us into a ditch and tipped the wagon over."

"Yes."

"Martha was along. Crushed the gizzard right out of her, and she was dead when I picked her up. Funeral cost me \$40. I was just looking at the bill. Had a coffin with six silver-plated handles. Ever lose your wife?"

"Never."

"Awful sad thing. Haw there Buck! She had two unmade dresses in the house, which were left on my hands. Guess I'll get shot of them, however—guess I will. Whoa! you yaller ox! Undertaker said we could scrape along with four handles to the coffin, but I told him to make 'em an even half dozen. Feller can't afford to be small about those things. Say, you know what belongs to manners, eh?"

"I hope so."

"Guessed you did, even if you are afoot. I want to ask you how long a widower has to wait before taking another. There's no law, yer know, but a sort of custom. Is it a year?"

"Some wait a year."

"And some only three or six months?"

"I've heard of a second marriage within a week or two."

"Too soon—a leetle too soon," he answered, as he stroked his thin whiskers. "Looks too sordid and grasping, you see. Neighbors would probably talk, too. Couldn't complain about six months could they?"

"I should think not."

"That's twenty-four weeks, or 168 days, you see. Nothing sordid about that, eh? It's coming off next week."

"What? Your marriage?"

"That's it. Bin engaged five days now, and it's to come off next Wednesday. Her name is Feebe. Awful hard to get up airy and keep hustling all day. Had my eye on her ever since the day of the funeral, but you needn't mind telling it. Folks is gossipy, you know. Git up, you lazy beasts! Say, I want to ask bout another thing."

"Well?"

"Hav'n't got Martha any Tombstone yet. Have to git one, won't I?"

"Why, yes."

"If I didn't they'd say I was sordid, wouldn't they?"

"They might."

"Would you put a lamb or a dove on it?"

"That's just as you feel."

"Has it got to read: 'Martha, the first and most-beloved wife of Aaron Snyder?'"

"Not necessarily."

"Kin I jist put on: 'Erected to the memory of Martha Snyder, who died April 22, 1888?'"

"Why, yes."

"And have it quietly taken up and set up and not let on to the other. I see. Nothing sordid about Feebe, but sich things grind, you know. Do you take the cross road? Wall, good day. Glad we met. Seemed some six months was long enough, but I kinder wanted an outside opinyun. Had six handles, you remember? but the neighbors might call me sordid and shut us out on quilting bees and corn huskings."

A Pleasant Trip.

"The land was beautiful;

Fair rose the spires and gay the buildings were,
And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles."

If the poet had lived in railroad times and taken a journey from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis over "The Burlington," he could not have fitted his description better to the reality.

Flying along through the lovely prairies of northern Illinois, the finest farming region in the country, every traveler will say "the land is beautiful." As the train rushes up the Mississippi Valley, the silver-gleaming stream alive with steamers on one hand, and the lofty and picturesque bluffs on the other, "fair rise the spires, and gay the buildings are" of Dubuque, LaCrosse and Winona, till we stop in the beautiful cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. For full information about this trip and cost of making it, apply to any local ticket agent, or address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent C. B. & N. R. R. St. Paul, Minn.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Pa," she called up stairs, "this clock down here in the hall isn't going." "It isn't, eh?" he returned; "Well don't let that be an example to Adolphus."

The widow is less selfish than the maiden, for while the latter is always looking out for No. 1, she is satisfied in watching for No. 2.—*Yonker's Statesman*.

When a man makes up his mind that he has got to economize, his first impulse always is to begin by inquiring into his wife's personal expenses.—*Somerville Journal*.

On the train: Ernheimer—"I yood lefd dot seat." McSweeney—"Is that so?" Ernheimer—"Y-a-a-s." McSweeney—"Ye wor a dom fool. It's as aisy as any wan in th' car-r-r?"—*Puck*.

An Optimist—Wife: "This is the third time you have come home drunk this week." Hubby—"D-don't be so p-pessimistic, my dear. You should think of the four nights I came home sober."—*Life*.

Smith—"I think Miss De Blank is very rude." Jones—"What causes you to think that? I never thought her so."

Smith—"I met her down town this afternoon and asked if I might see her home. She said yes; I could see it from the top of the high school building and that it wasn't necessary to go any further."—*Omaha World*.

Doctor—"Yes you have a tremendous fever. Burning thirst, I suppose?"

Patient—"Yes, terrific."

Doctor—"Ah, I'll send you round something to relieve that."

Patient—"Never mind about the thirst doctor, you look after the fever; I'll attend to the thirst myself."—*Omaha World*.

A SAD CALAMITY.—Small Clerk—"Ooh, fadder, dat gun vat you sole Meester Schmallwitz last week bursted de first time he vire it off an' killed him det."

Proprietor—"Mine graci-ones! dot vas awvull. I zold him dot goon on drust."—*New York Weekly*.

Henry (married six months) "I fear my wife's love is growing cold. She used to come to the office two or three times a day, but she never comes now. What shall I do?" Frank—"Have you a typewriter?" "No but I can get one cheap." "Do so. Then get a pretty girl to operate it, and your office will be full of your wife."—*New York Sun*.

"Erasmus, are you sure these are Spring chickens?" "Yes missus. Dey whar broughten up right under my own eye." "You watched them growing all this Spring?" "Yes, missus—an' all Spring afore that. Yah-dey is Spring chickens."

Tramp—"Excuse me, madam, for disturbing you; but I have not eaten a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours." Mrs. Isaac (with contempt)—"Phoo! Dat vas nodings. Dat Chorge Francis Train don't eat somethings for seventy days."

Mrs. Smith—"The paper says that the common fly lays 100 eggs. Do you believe it?"

Mr. Smith (very bald)—"Yes; I believe it lays 1,000 every one of which on hatching out is furnished with my name and address."

"I am sorry to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson," she said to the kneeling youth, "but your score is a goose egg this time." "Not much, Miss Kajones, he replied haughtily, as he rose up and took his hat; "you can't prevent me from scoring a home run."

Mr. P. T. Barnum recently spoke of an old lady who was so deaf that, when some playful chaps fired a small cannon near the old lady's door, she merely said "come in." "That was a pretty fair story when I heard it some

time ago," said the veteran showman, "but I heard a good one a day or two since that beats it. Two gentlemen were walking along a highway near a railroad. One of the pedestrians was somewhat hard of hearing. Along came a train, and the engine emitted a frightful shriek. 'H'm,' said the deaf one, 'that's the first robin I've heard this spring.'"

Spectator (to defendant): "Well, I guess the jury will find for you. The judge's charge was certainly very much in your favor. Don't you think so?" Defendant (moodily): "Oh, I knew all along that the judge's charge would be all right. It's the lawyer's charge that's worryin' me."

Home Missionary—"Do you believe your prayers are answered, Uncle 'Rastus'?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"Pends altogether on de prayer. When I prays de Lord to send me a turkey it don't come, but when I prays de Lord to send me after a turkey I gen'y gits it before midnight."—*Omaha World*.

Mr. Popinjay—"My dear, I have invited Mr. Forinland, the distinguished explorer, to tea to-morrow."

Mrs. Popinjay—"Whatever put it into your head to do that?"

Mr. Popinjay—"I want to see if he can find that collar button I lost last Monday."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Irate Wife—"John, this is the fourth time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook."

"Well, my dear."

"The next time I find you here I'll—well, I'll discharge her—and do the cooking myself."

He has never offended since.—*American Glassworker*.

THE LAWYER AT HOME—"Amelia, be sure and put away at once everything that is of any value, because the thief who has just been acquitted on my eloquent defense is coming to-day to thank me."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Omaha Chief—"And when the shooting began you ran away from the melee?" Proud Policeman—"Yes." O. C.—"Did you not know you would be called a coward all your life?" P. P.—"I made a hasty calculation to that effect, but I thought I would rather be a coward all my life than a corpse for fifteen minutes."—*Omaha World*.

"Change of climate is what you need," said the high-priced physician, after he had listened to all the details of the patient's case.

"Change of climate!" exclaimed the patient in surprise. "Why, man alive, I've never had anything else. I've lived right

here in New England all my life."—*Christian Register*.

The following erratum in an exchange: "In the piece on our fourth page entitled 'We Must Not Lag Behind' instead of the line 'That moulds its dirty shirt,' please read 'That would its duty shrink.'"

Small Boy—"Mamma why don't we have a lot o' little babies in our family?"

Mamma—"Perhaps you may have a little brother some time, my dear?"

Small Boy—"Oh, let's have a whole lot at once. There's a store 'round the corner what's got a sign out, 'Families Supplied.'"—*Chicago American*.

Guest (to restaurant table girl)—"What have you got for dinner?"

Table Girl—"Roastbeeffricascedchickenstewedlamb hash bakedandfriedpotatoesIndianpuddingmilkteaand coffee."

Guest—"Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighth, tenth, and nineteenth syllables."—*Lawrence American*.

Little Boy—"Say, ma says you are going to take sister off."

Engaged Youth (soon to be married)—"Yes, in a few weeks she's going to my home, and my ma and pa will be her ma and pa. See?"

"I see. Then she'll be your sister, same as she was mine. Say don't you do anything she doesn't like, for if you do she'll bang you around awful when your ma and pa ain't looking."—*New York Weekly*.



Mrs. Walker's Fat Boy (to the 'phone):—"M-a-ma, don't wait luncheon for me—'cause, if you please, I'm going to lunch with another little boy."

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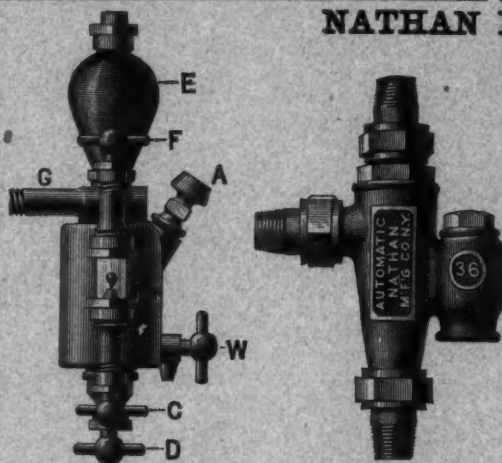
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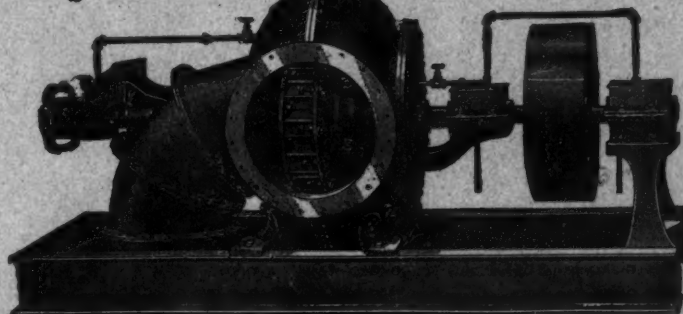
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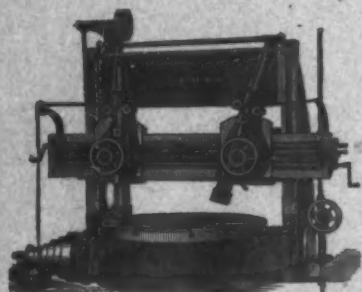
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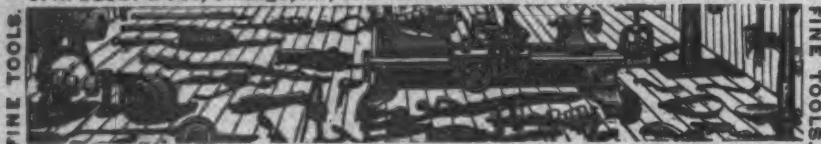
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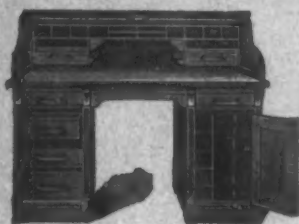
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